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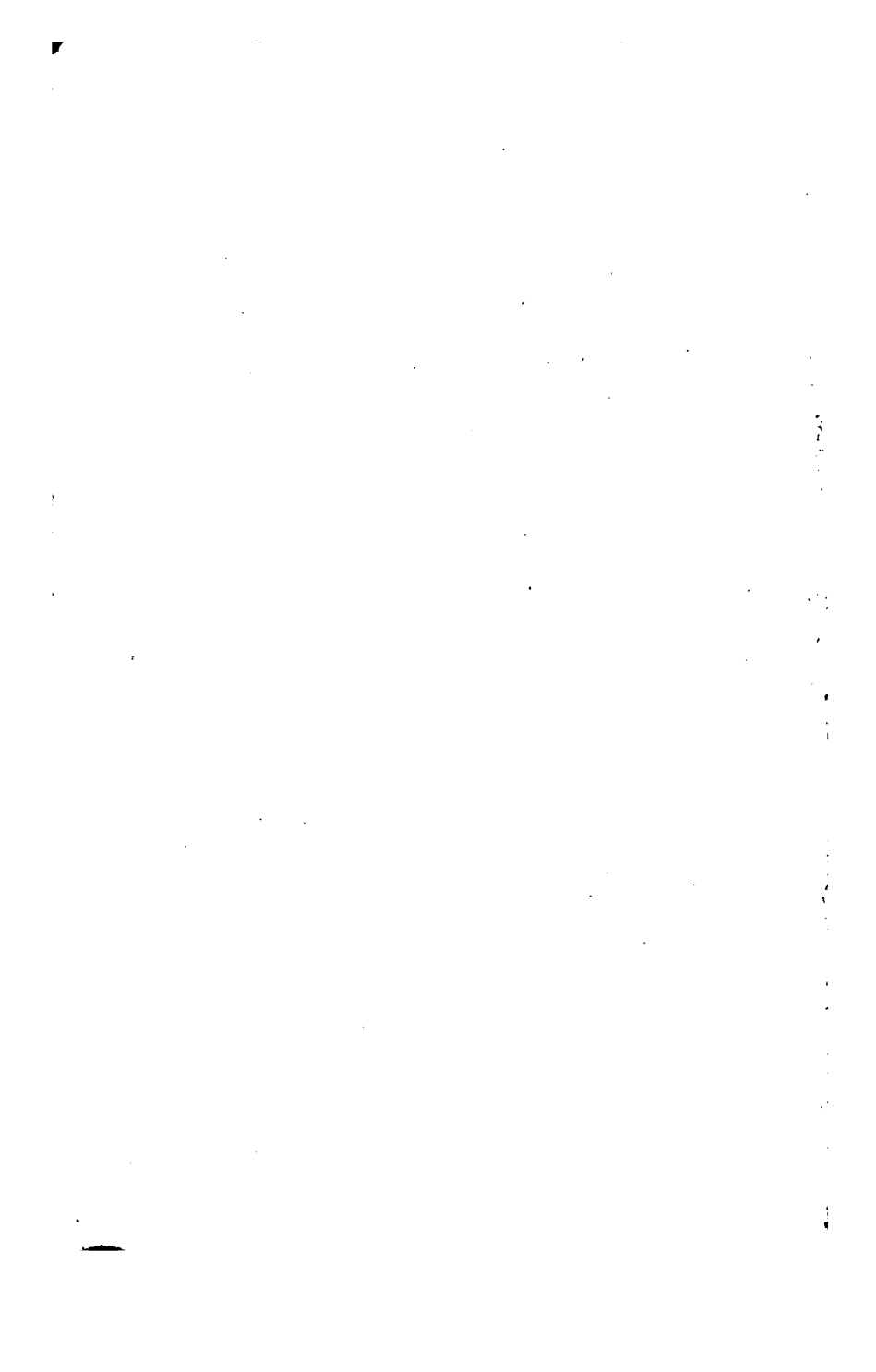
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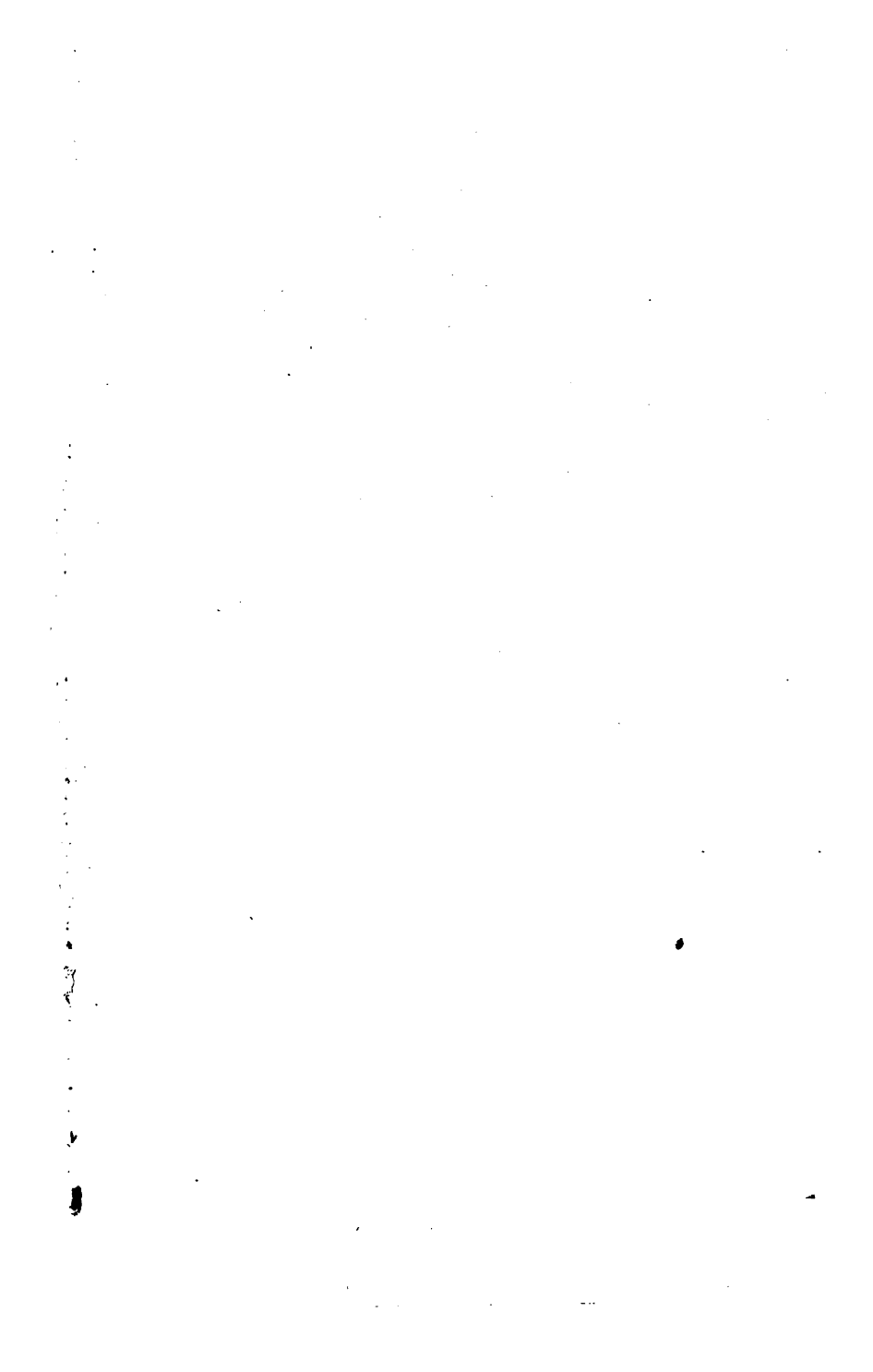
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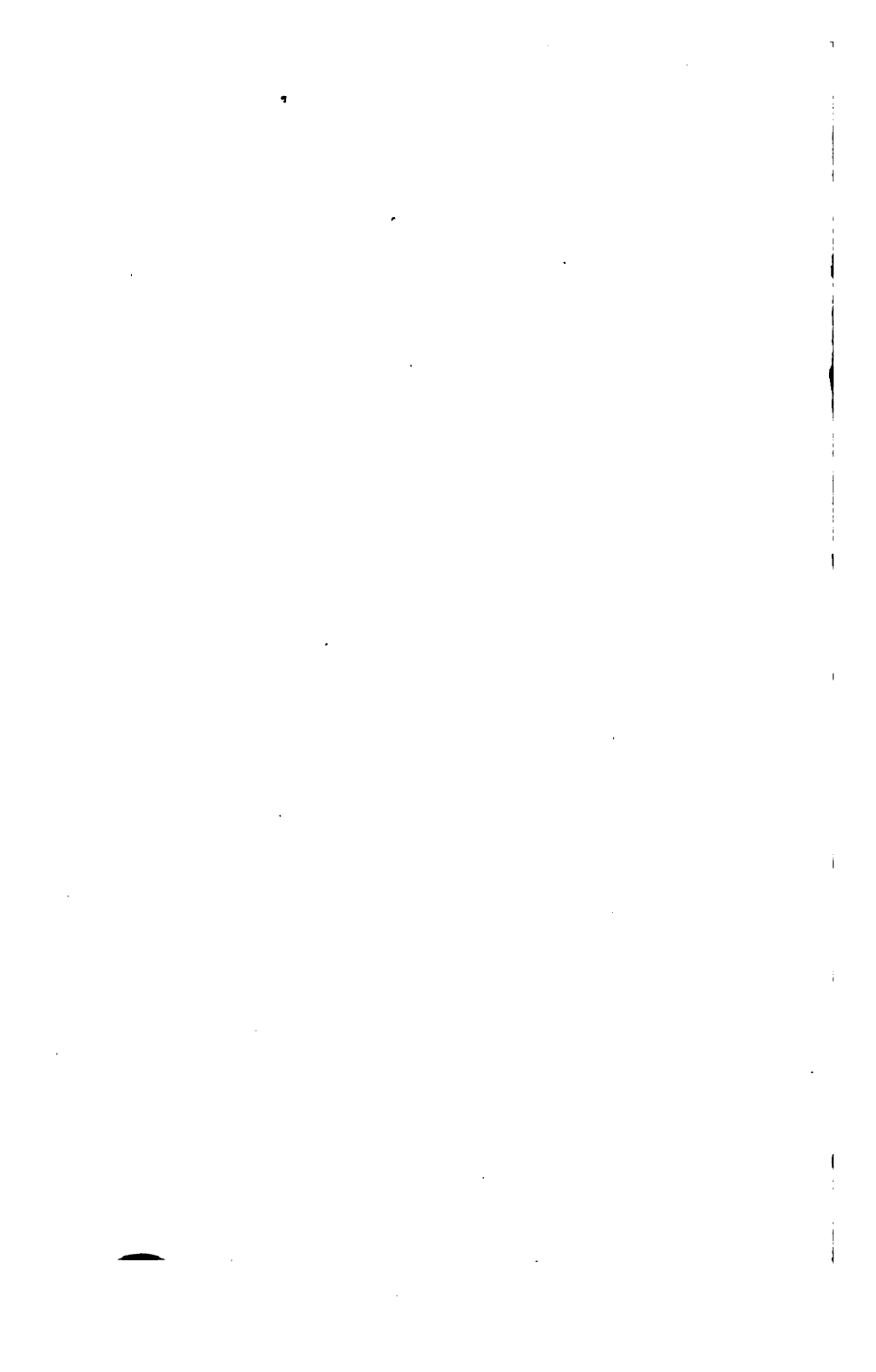


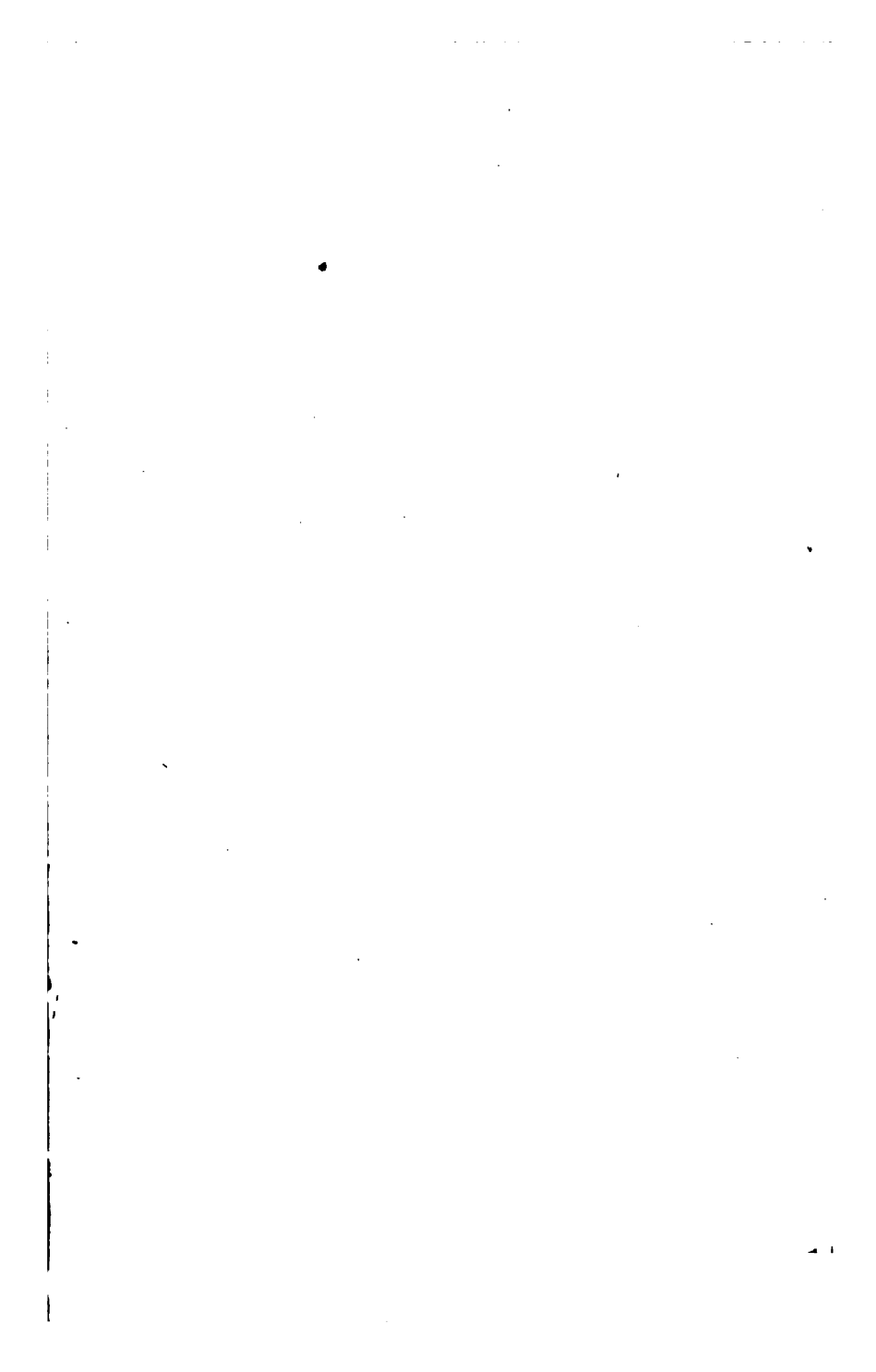
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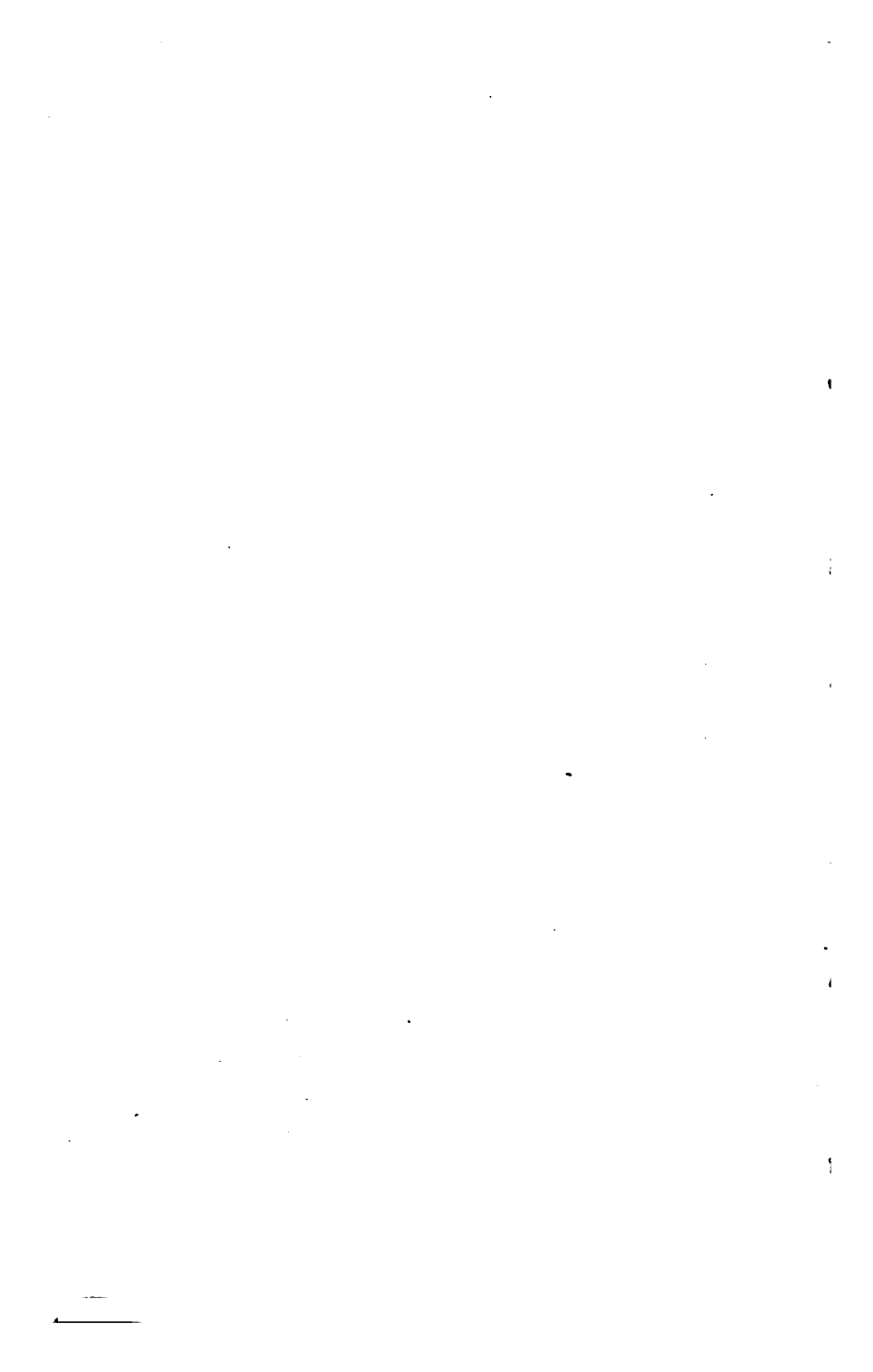




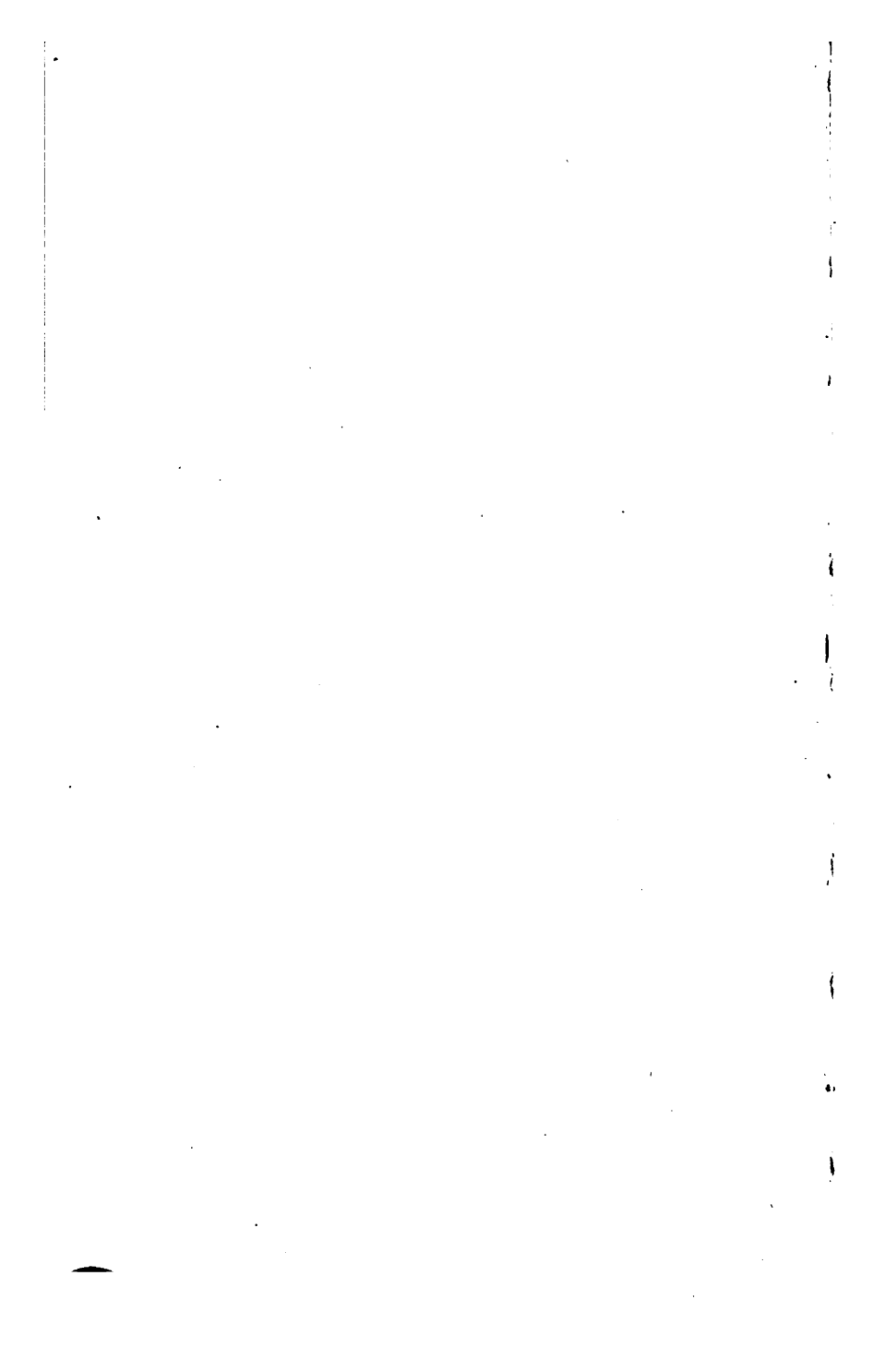








KIMONO BALLADES



KIMONO BALLADES

*Some Cheerful Rhymes
For Loafing-Times*

By **CHARLES COLEMAN STODDARD**

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CALIFORNIA

NEW YORK
CALKINS and COMPANY

1908

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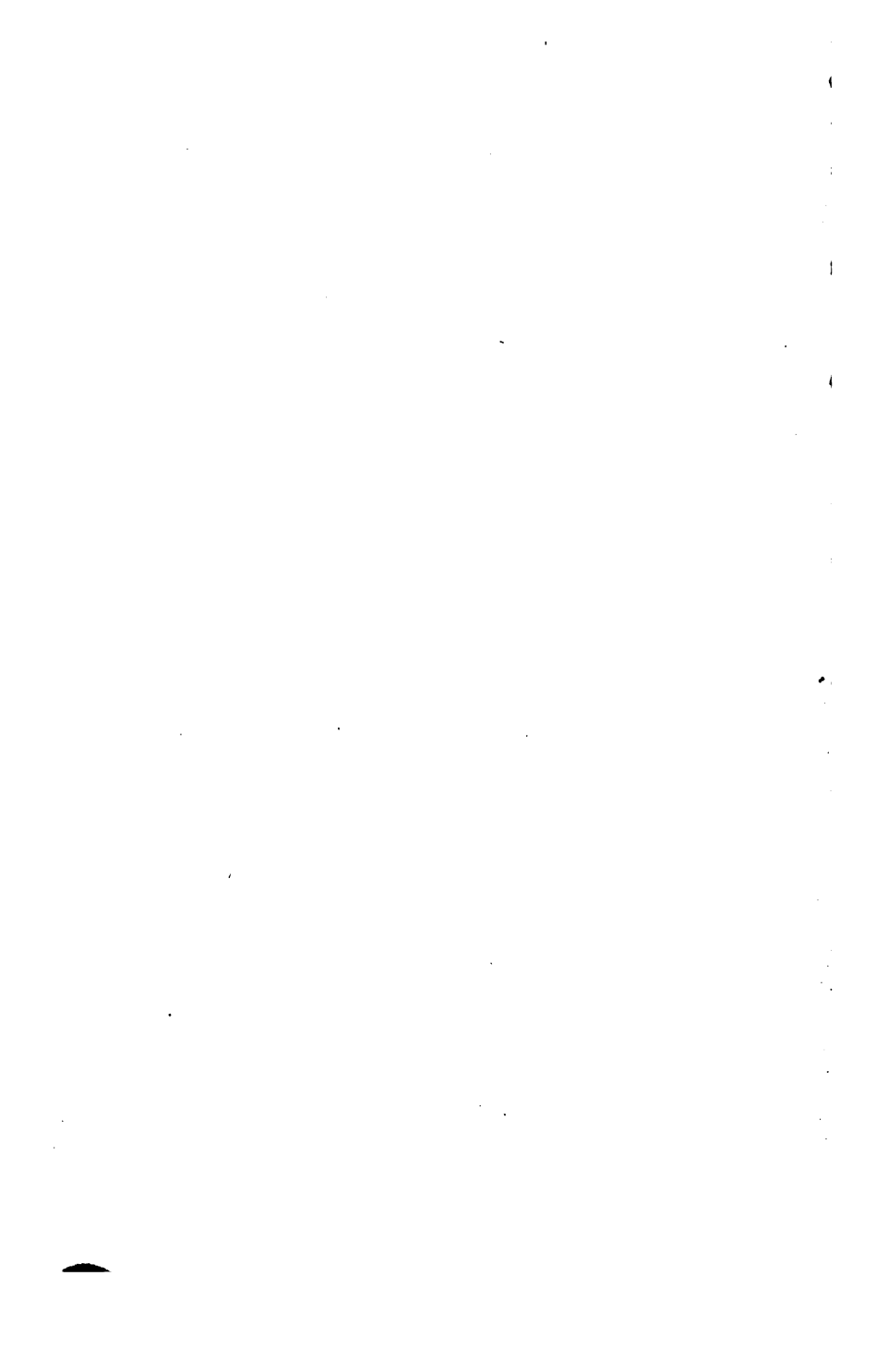
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TO WHOM
ALL RIGHTS
DUPLICATE

68

TO MY WIFE

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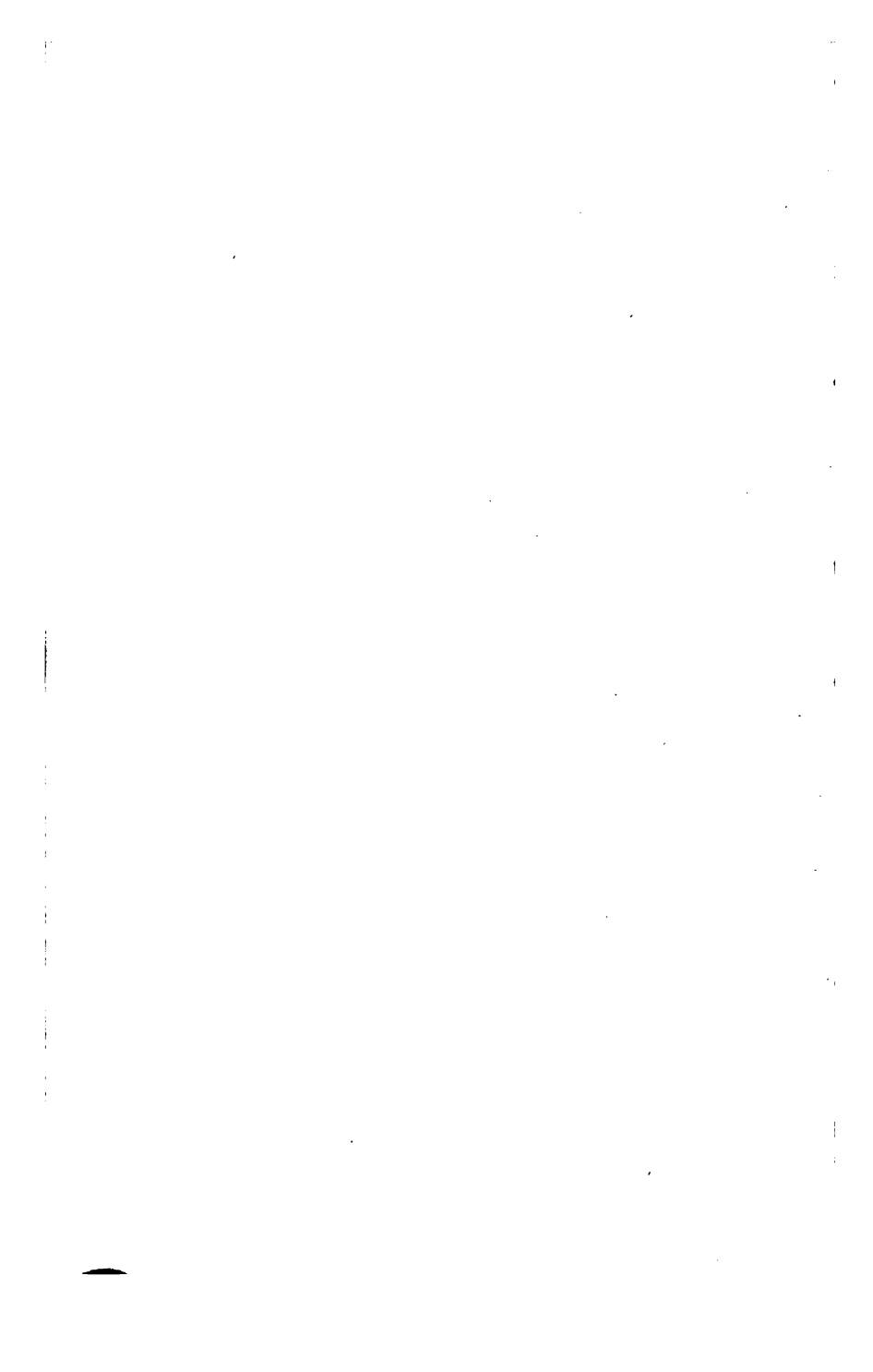


My truest comrade, dearest friend,
To whom I turn in every need,
Always the first to comprehend
My every thought, my every deed;
Who are my counsel and my creed,
My every joy that I have known,
You all of earthly power exceed
Who rule by love and love alone.

Teach me that I may more depend,
Each gentle mandate fully heed;
Your kingdom o'er my heart extend,
Nor spare it ever, though it bleed.
Teach me to follow where you lead
With willing steps the path you've shown;
Pluck from my life each ugly weed
And rule by love and love alone.

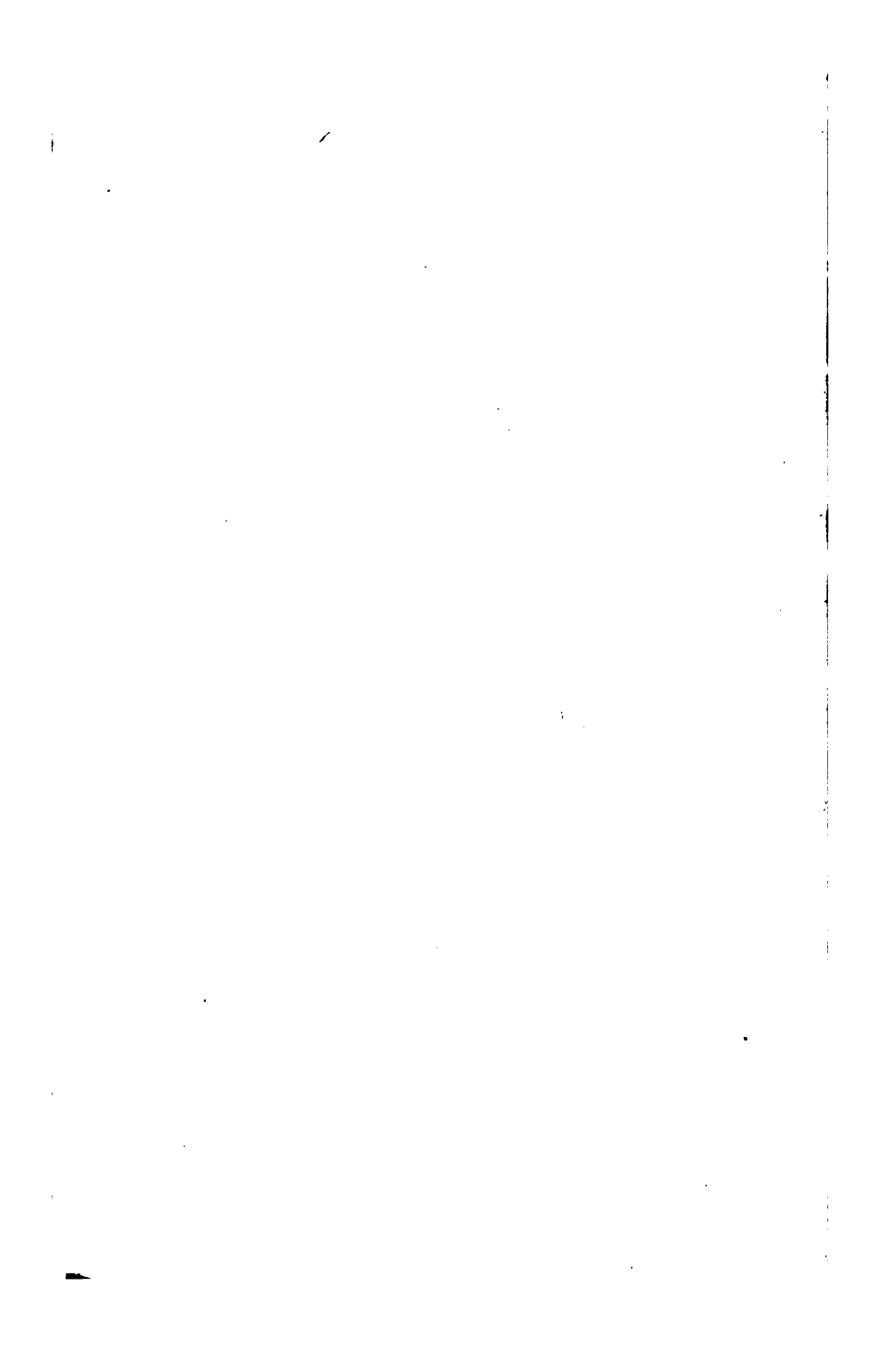
The little garland that I send,
How trivial I need not plead—
Would I might know that all would lend
As kind a spirit as they read—
'Tis an old measure, lightly keyed
And in love's fairest gardens grown,
When hearts knew selfishness nor greed
And ruled by love and love alone.

'Twill be a happy fate indeed,
As you my gravest faults condone,
If you but wish it, dear, God speed,
Who rule by love and love alone.

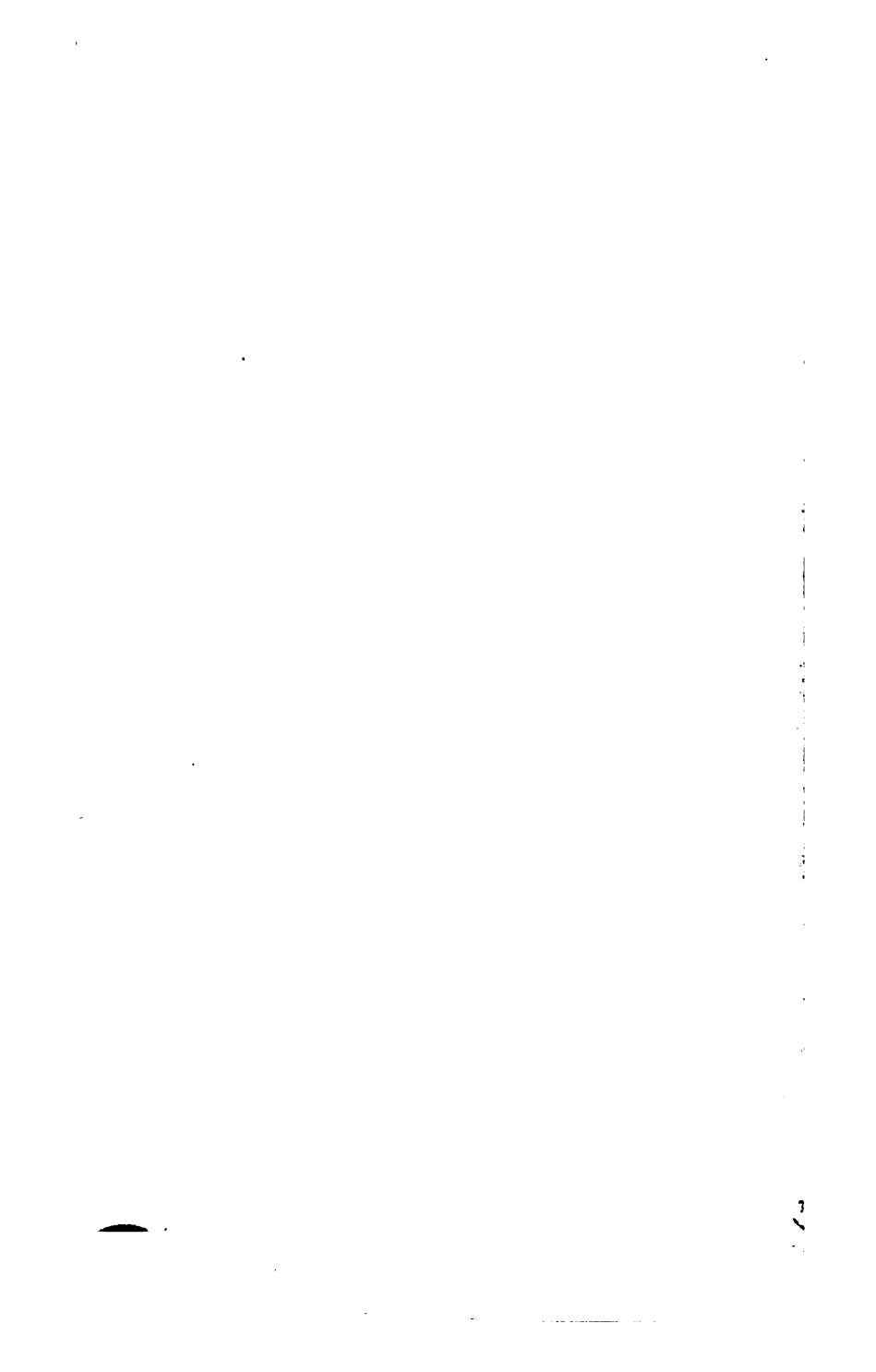


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**A BALLADE OF
DREAMS**



A BALLADE OF DREAMS

Lost in a circling maze
Of dreams my heart entwine,
Mistress of magic ways,
Weaver of spells benign.
Dreams that are all divine,
Of love without regret,
Constant as thine and mine,
My dainty cigarette.

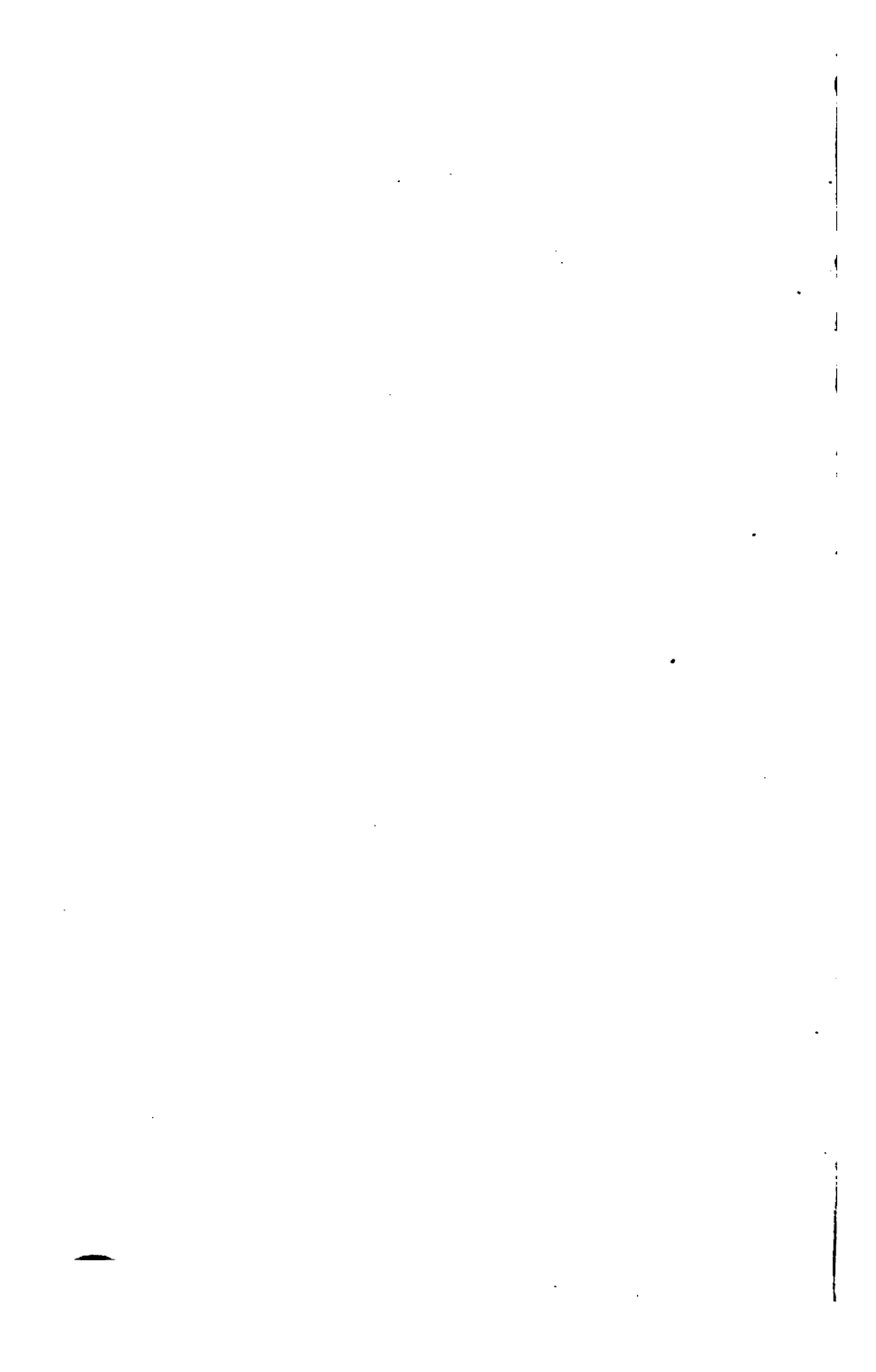
Dreams, while the fancy strays,
Sweet as the scent of pine—
Such as your kiss can raise
Ne'er can the soul resign.
Only that kiss of thine—
Dreams I can ne'er forget,
Mellow and rare as wine,
My fragrant cigarette.

Dreams of the callow days,
When first unto thy shrine
Devoted homage pays
The boy of eight or nine.
And in a mood malign,
Delicious, mad coquette—
I certainly "got mine,"
Delightful cigarette.

Sadly my thoughts incline,
I want to mope, and yet
How can I grieve or pine,
With you here, cigarette?

TO VIKI
AIRPORT

**A BALLADE OF
WHEELS AND THINGS**



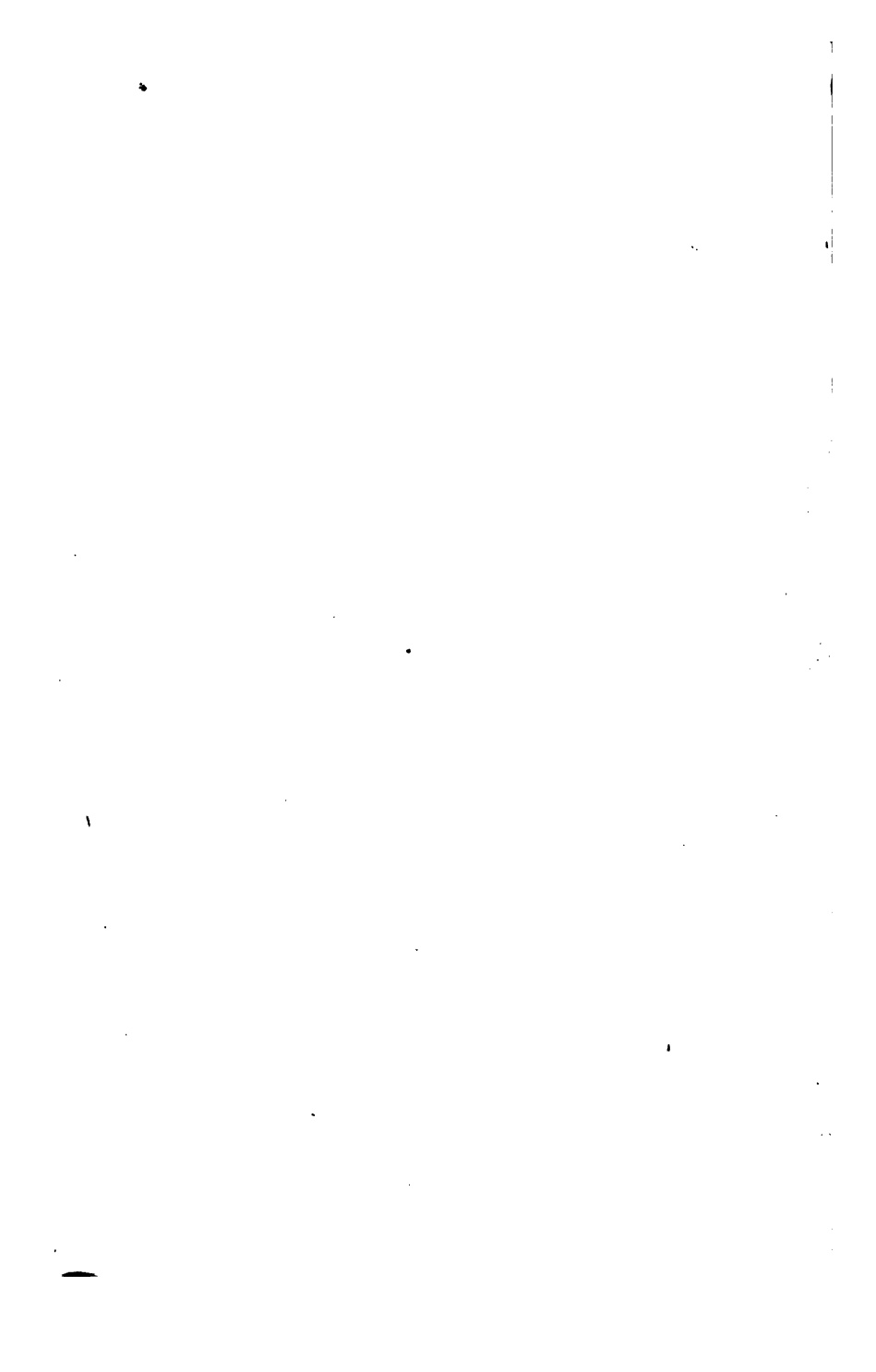
A BALLADE OF WHEELS AND THINGS

Time was when Molly thought a "bike"
Was just the thing and every day
Her little wheel spun down the pike
Over the hills and far away.
The pace she hit was my dismay,
I pedalled on with aching brow;
But all of that is now passé,
For Molly wants an airship now.

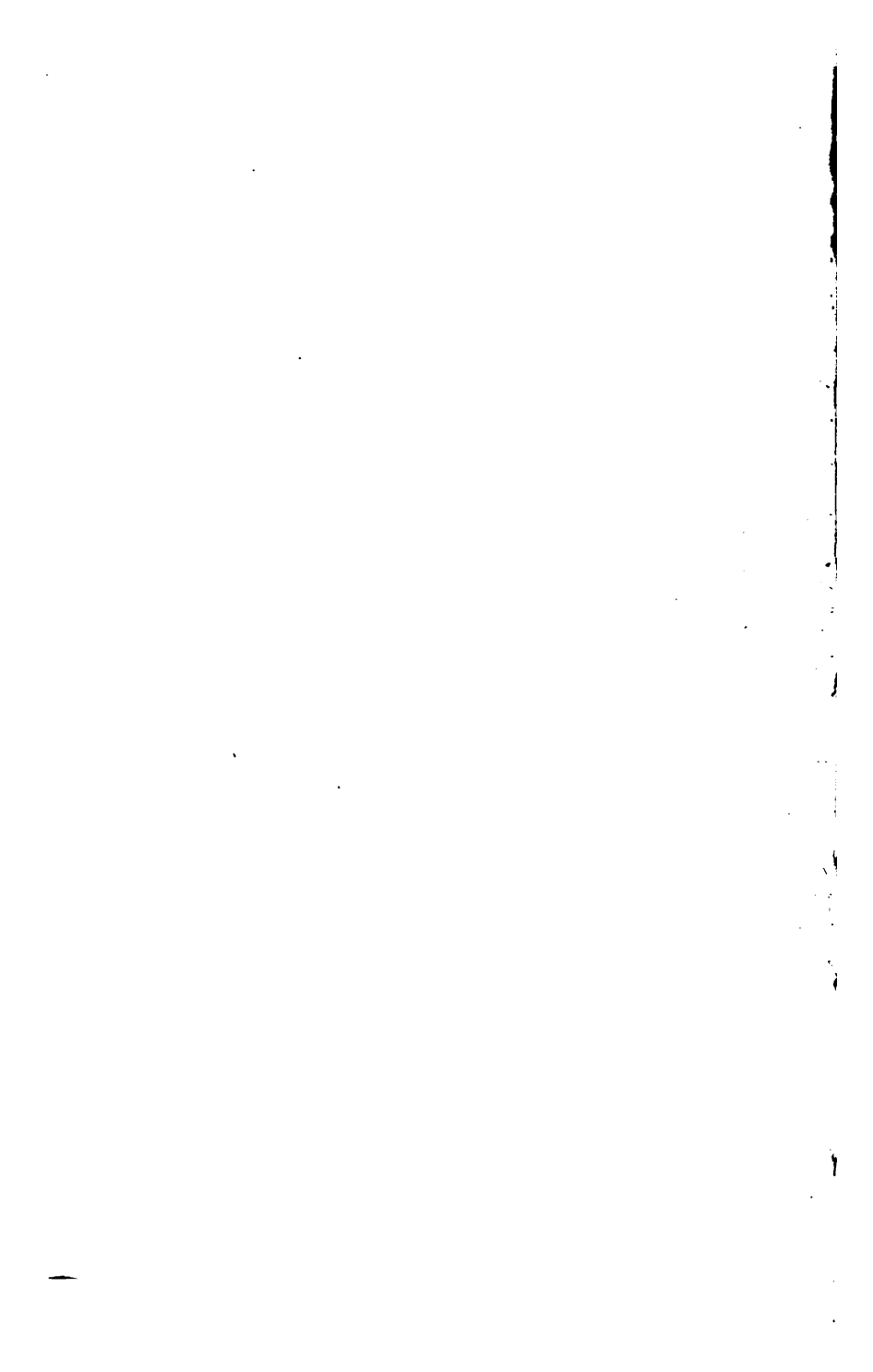
The little sticks she used to hike
Across the links, her suit of gray
And sweater red, and caddy, Mike—
She raved about them—where are they?
And likewise tennis and croquet,
Her trim canoe?—Well, anyhow,
These things have all become passé,
For Molly wants an airship now.

Last year an auto was her strike—
And oh, the bills I've had to pay!
She kissed me then and said she'd like
A motor-boat—What could I say?
She knows I cannot say her nay,
That to her fancies I must bow—
But both of these were soon passé,
For Molly wants an airship now.

Bridge, roller skates, her ponies gay,
Angoras, bull-dogs—I'll allow
Molly herself is not passé,
For Molly wants an airship now.



A BALLADE OF
YOUTH



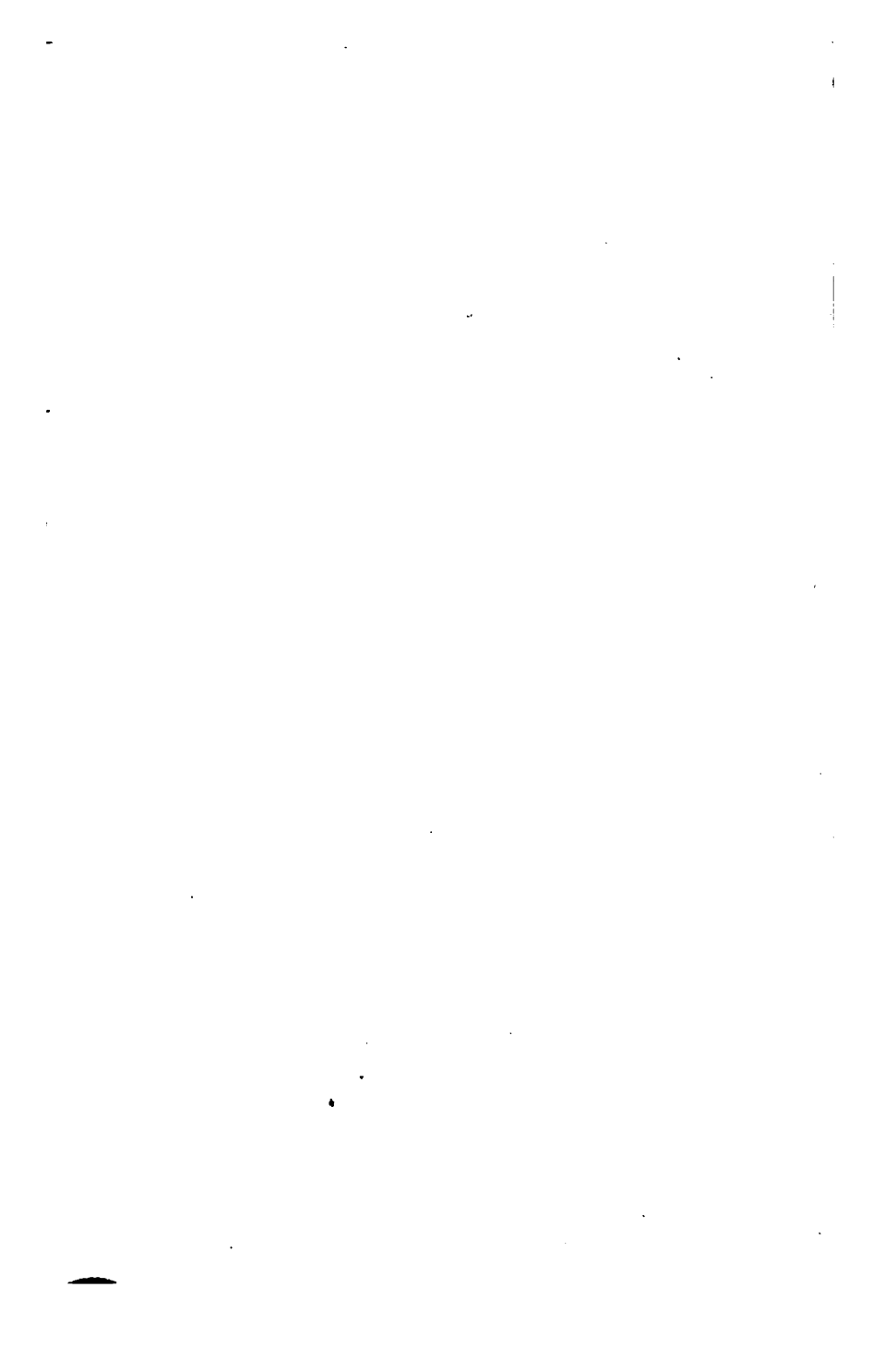
A BALLADE OF YOUTH

The cares that round our pathway fly,
Or overtake with stealthy tread,
We do not heed, nor make reply
To scoffing tongue or wagging head.
What golden ways our feet have led,
And oh, the happy songs we've sung,
While we have plucked the roses red,
And all the world and love are young.

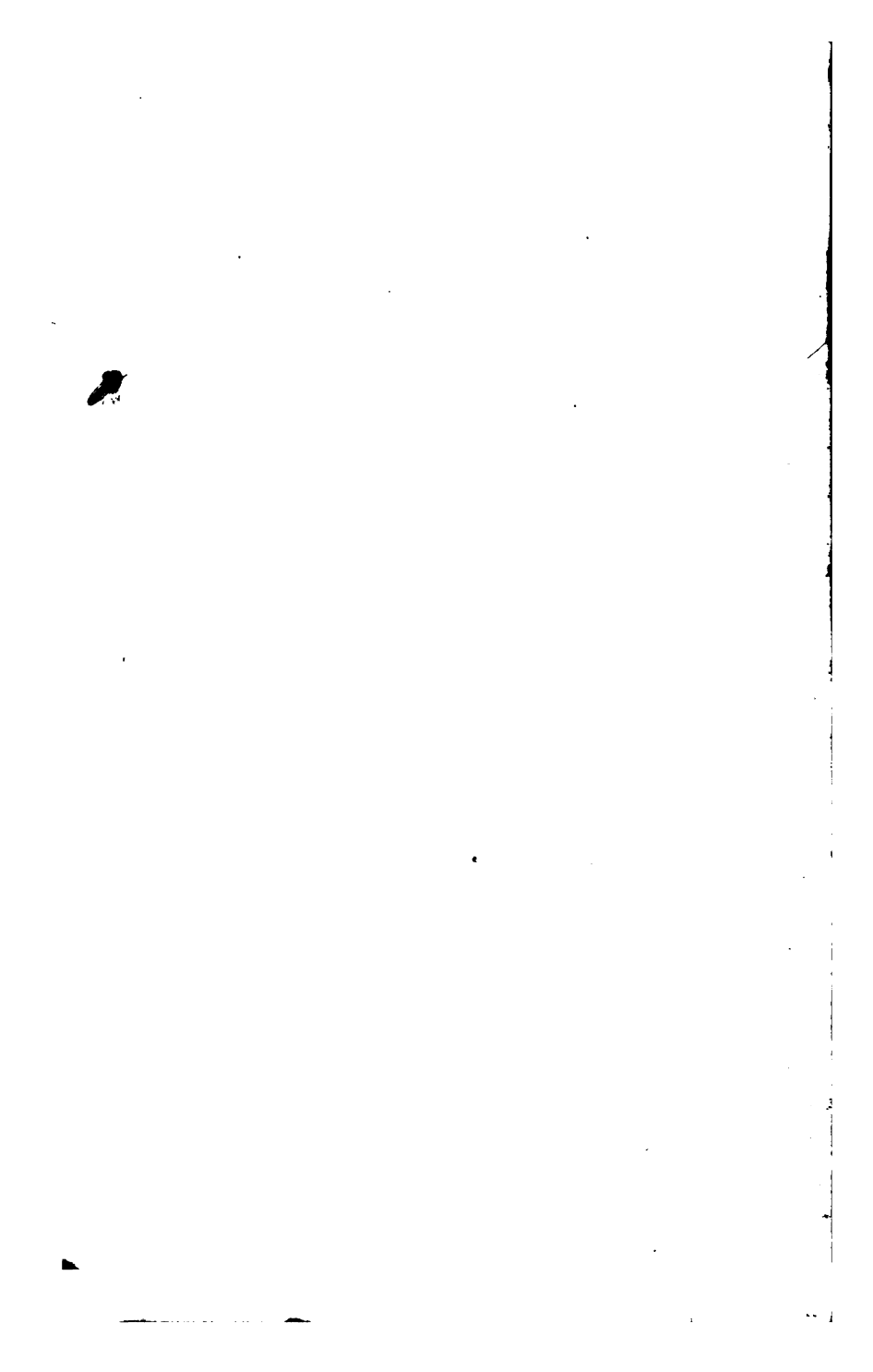
We do not heed, nor make reply.
The blossoming fields before us spread,
And where the cooling shadows lie
The trees with birds are tenanted.
And brooks the ferny woodlands thread,
And orioles their nests have swung
Safe in the branches overhead,
And all the world and love are young.

Here where the cooling shadows lie
And fragrant violets make their bed,
Oh, let us linger, you and I,
Till youth and love and life are fled—
Till all the sunny days are sped.
Here where the fount of youth has sprung,
And all the streams of joy are fed,
And all the world and love are young.

Oh, let us linger, you and I,
In leafy bowers with blossoms hung;
Where youth and hope will never die,
And all the world and love are young.



A BALLADE OF
SPENDLESS COIN



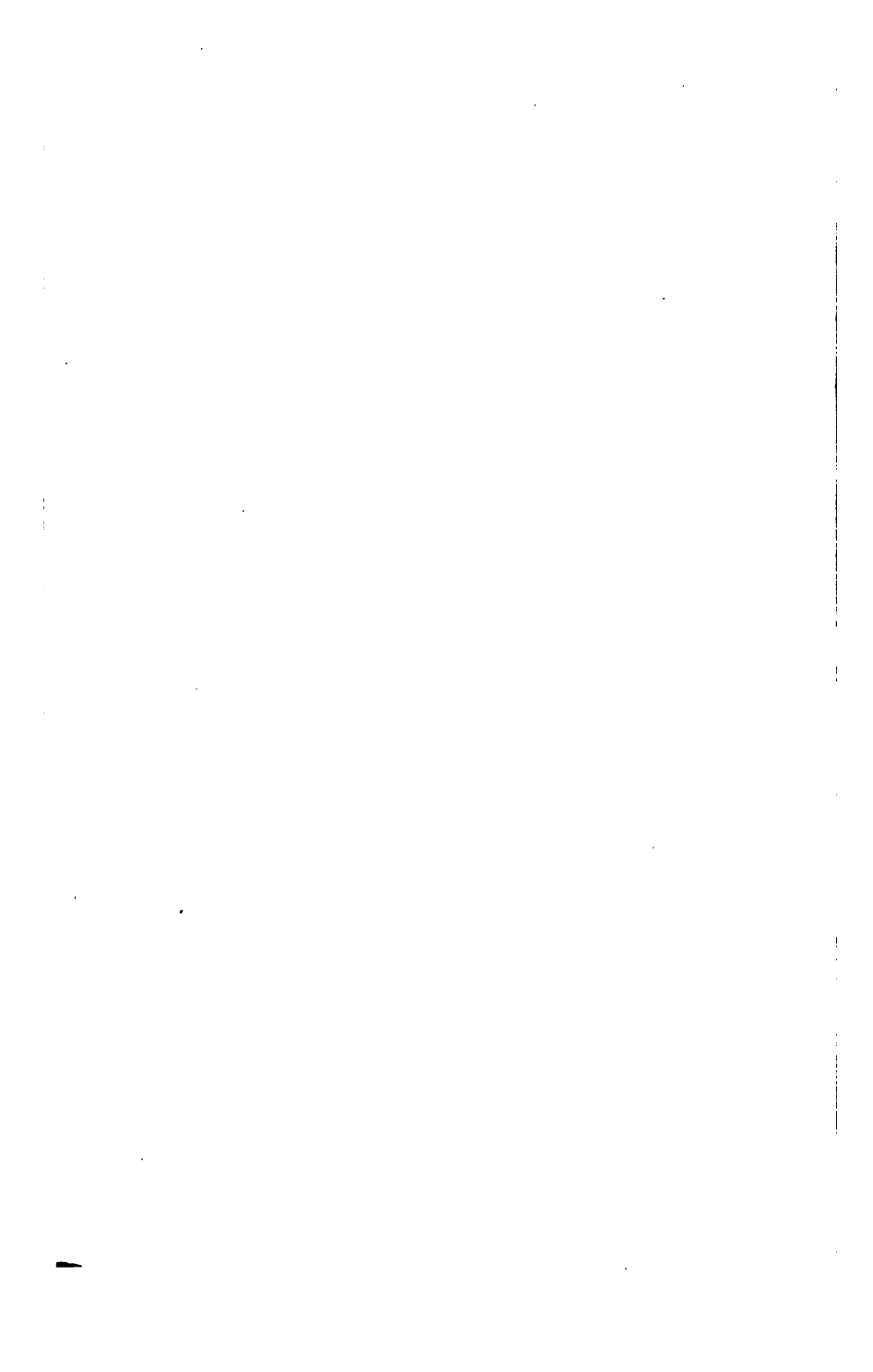
A BALLADE OF SPENDLESS COIN

O Luther of believeless ways,
 Of seedless fruit and thornless things,
O wizard of these later days,
 Pray heed the wadless bard who sings.
 Who sees his shekels taking wings
From day to day, and scarcely knows
 His spendings and his borrowings—
For that's the way the money goes.

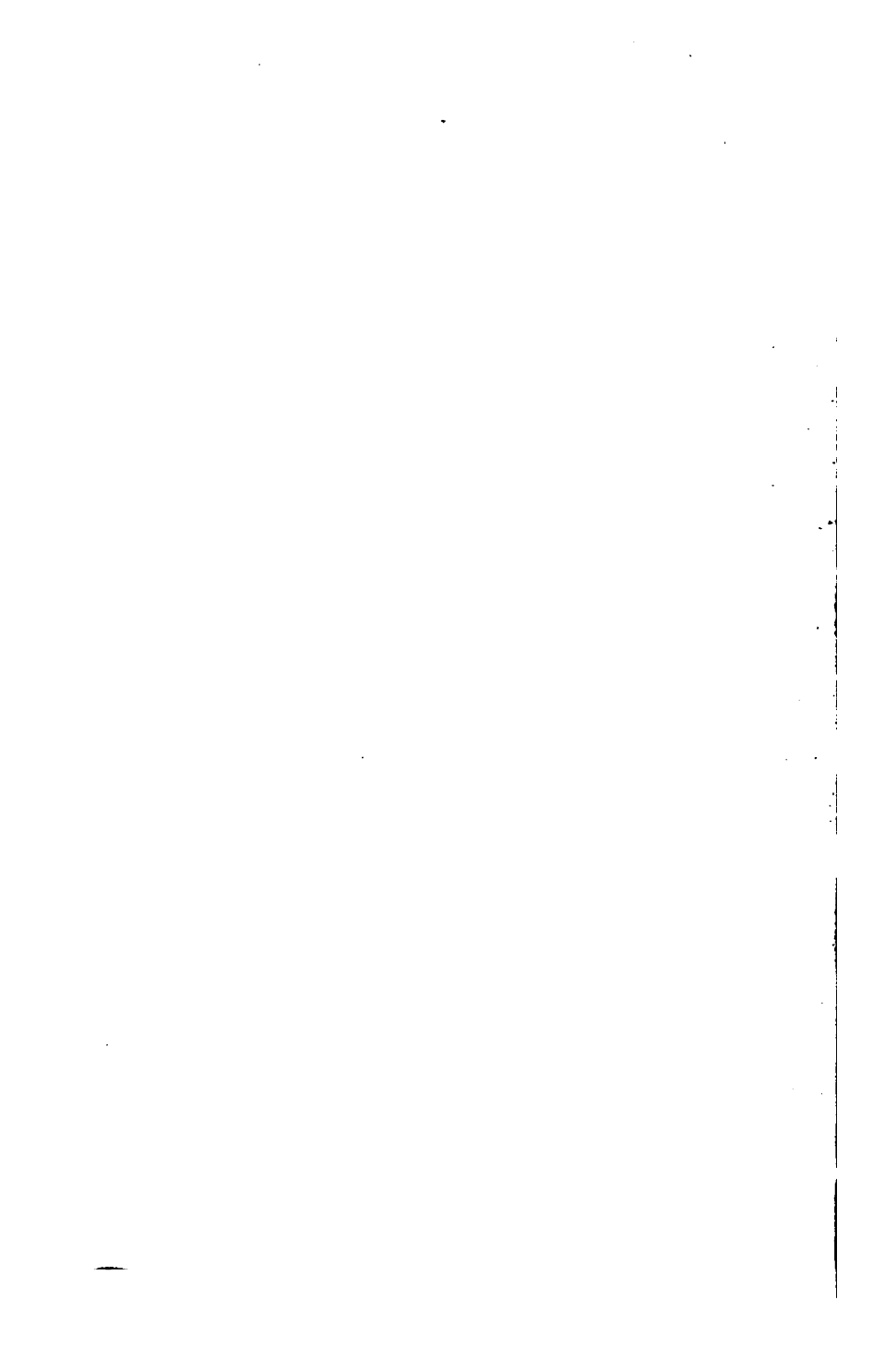
If you would win the proudest praise,
 If you would tread the way of kings,
Have deathless fame and witless bays,
 Relieve us of our sorrowings.
 A spendless coin that tightly clings
Returning to the one that blows,
 That always others with it brings—
For that's the way the money goes.

Give us the "mon" that ever stays
 No matter how the user flings
It foolishly for clothes and plays,
 For debts and doughnuts, rugs and rings;
 For shaves and sausage, soup and swings,
And frocks and frills and furbelows;
 For ceaseless wants and worryings—
For that's the way the money goes.

 For trolleyings and travellings,
For beer and babies, balls and bows,
 For marryings and buryings—
For that's the way the money goes.



**A BALLADE OF
MEAN STREETS**



A BALLADE OF MEAN STREETS

The little parks are growing green,
And hurrying here from day to day
From narrow streets and alleys mean
The little children come to play.
And tired mothers bent and gray
To feed upon the air and light—
Or for a restful hour to stay.
Where do the children go at night?

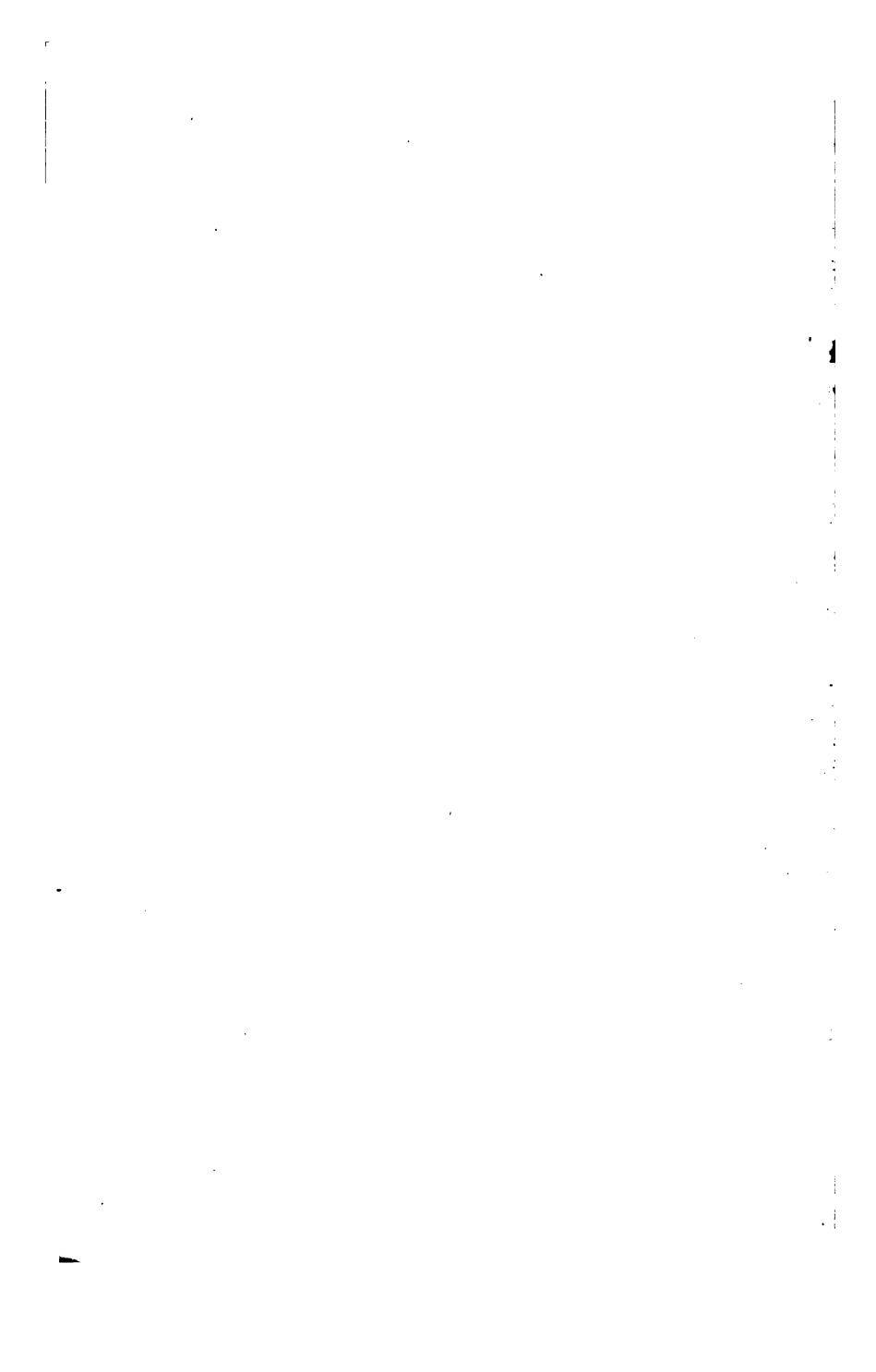
And brighter smiles were never seen
Than where bedecked in colors gay
A shouting party crown their queen,
With ribboned poles make holiday.
Where did they learn of flowers or May,
Or aught that should be theirs by right,
In dingy hallways tucked away?
Where do the children go at night?

Or when their stifling walls between,
In dreams do they forget, and stray
To sunny fields where daisies lean
Beside cool brooks, or sweet with hay
The wind sweeps freshly from the bay?—
How often I have wished they might.
Perhaps they do it—who can say?—
Where do the children go at night?

Theirs is an awful price to pay:
To put up such uneven fight
Amid the crowding and decay—
Where do the children go at night?



**A BALLADE OF
WHAT TO EAT**



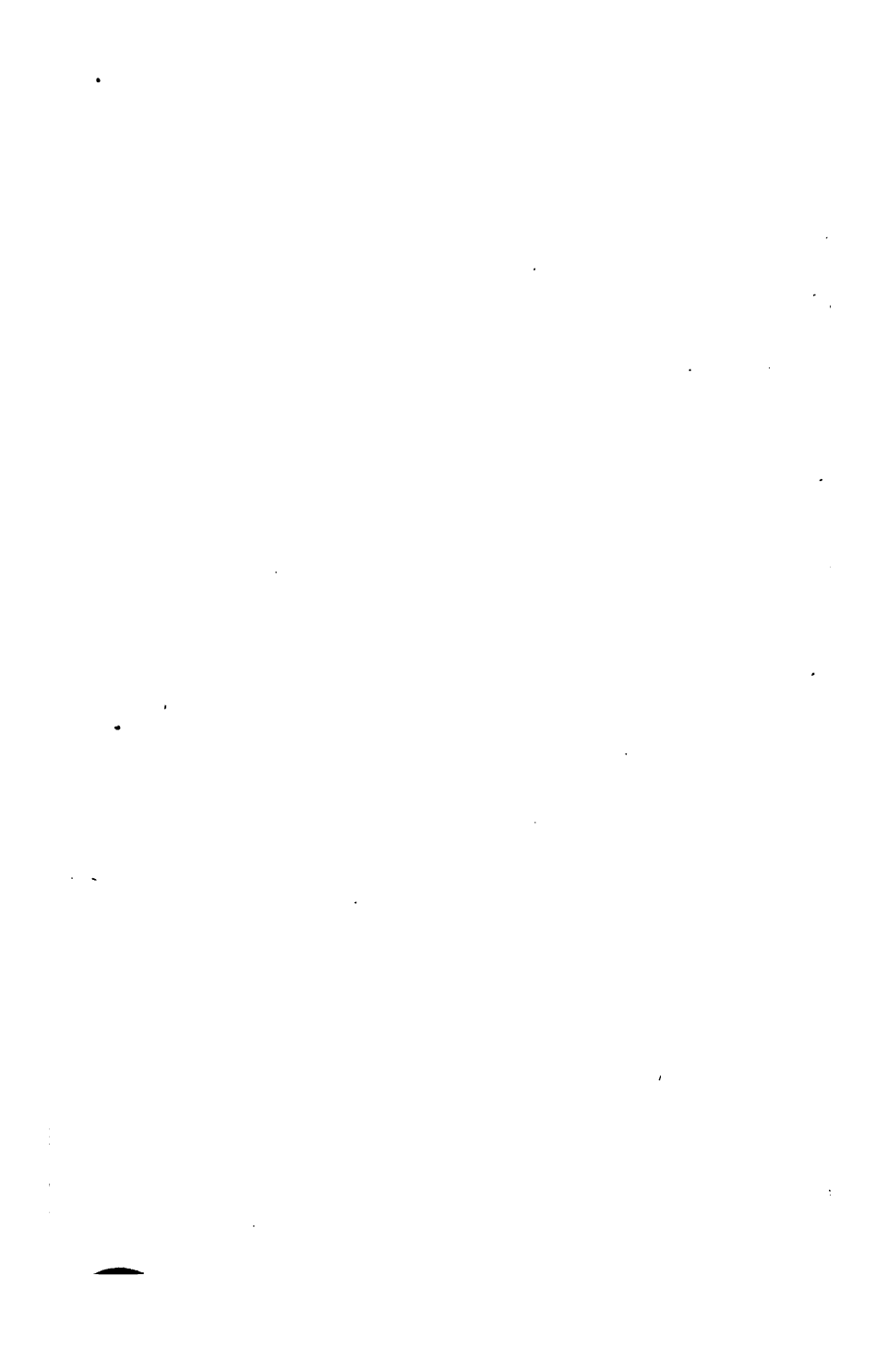
A BALLADE OF WHAT TO EAT

Since meat was never meant for food,
And oats to horses should be fed;
A taste for fish should be subdued,
And pain and poison lurk in bread;
If peanuts we should brew instead
Of coffee, never touch a sweet,
Or breakfast bun with butter spread—
Oh, tell us, tell us what to eat!

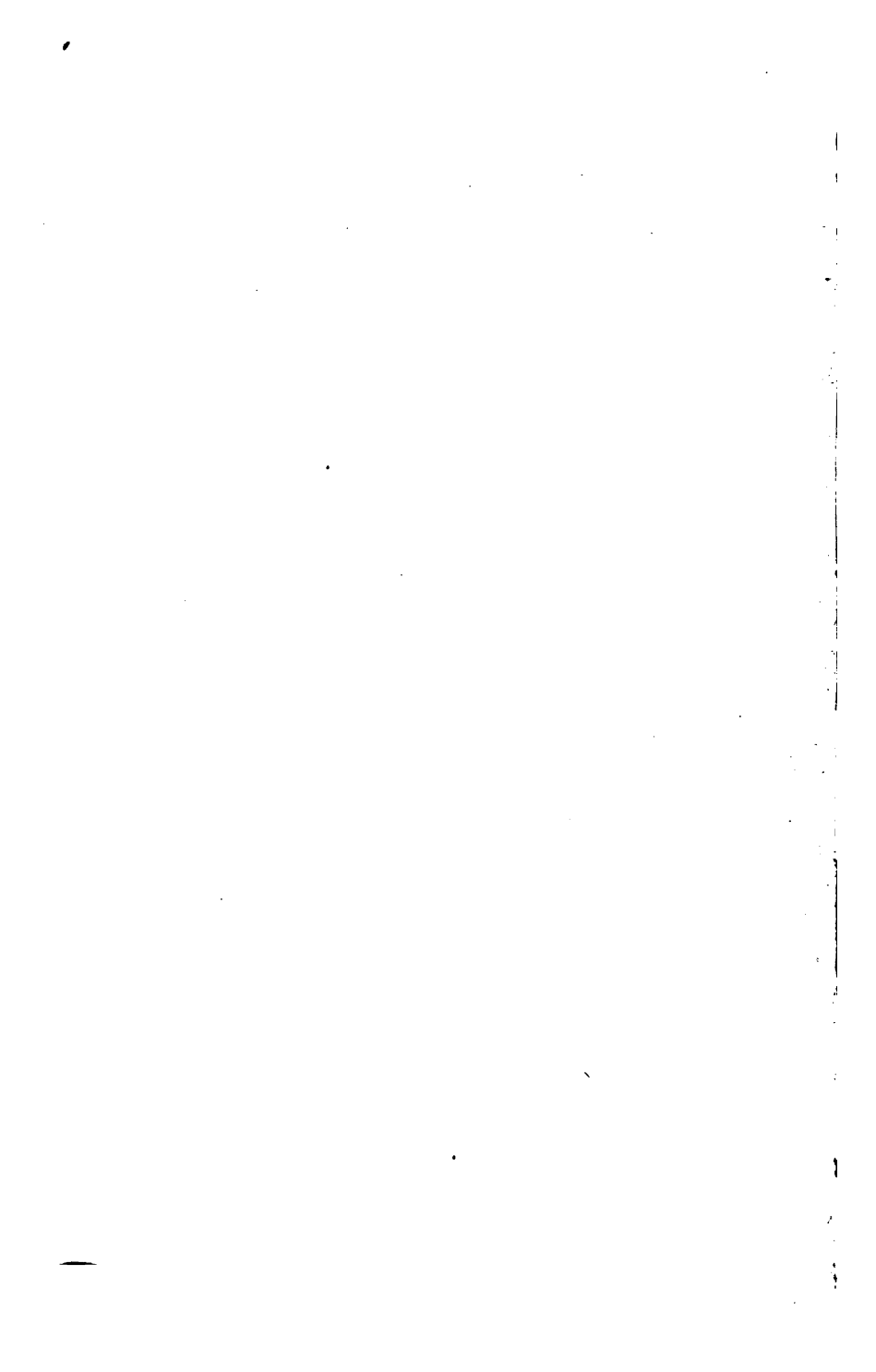
For wise ones say our ways are crude,
Meals always should be served in bed.
Potatoes never should be chewed,
But bolted standing on one's head.
Or not be eaten, some have said.
Beans always should be taken neat—
Pray, after all the stuff we've read,
Oh, tell us, tell us what to eat!

How shall we take things, broiled or stewed,
Alive, or after life has fled;
With garnishing, or strictly nude,
Or shall we flee them all with dread?
One meal or many? Closeted,
In beaneries or on the street?
Our lives are hanging by a thread—
Oh, tell us, tell us what to eat!

But, after all, the years have sped,
And man is pretty hard to beat
Where appetite alone has led—
Oh, tell us, tell us what to eat!



A BALLADE AFTER
AN OLD SAYING



A BALLADE AFTER AN OLD SAYING

Don't swear at your tailor, or bully the cook,
Or threaten the iceman, and offer to fight
That blank of a butcher or grocer who took
The order he missed of a Saturday night.
Of course it would only be serving him right;
But remember the fellow is only a man.
If you were in his place, the chance is you
might—
Don't kill him, he's doing the best that he can.

The clerk who makes blunders; the neat-handed
crook
Who stole your umbrella, the storm at its
height;
Intruders who see you with paper or book
And stand in the window or cut off your light;
The street-organ never once out of your sight—
Or hearing, I meant to say when I began;
The music-box fiend—let the devil requite—
Don't kill him, he's doing the best that he can.

The ungrateful friend, who your counsel forsook;
The coachman or maid who goes out and gets
tight;
The waiter who cannot be squelched with a look,
And in spite of your tips will not give you a
bite;
The clever book-agent, suave and polite;
The creditor built on a different plan;
The neighbor who's learning to sing or re-
cite—
Don't kill him, he's doing the best that he can.

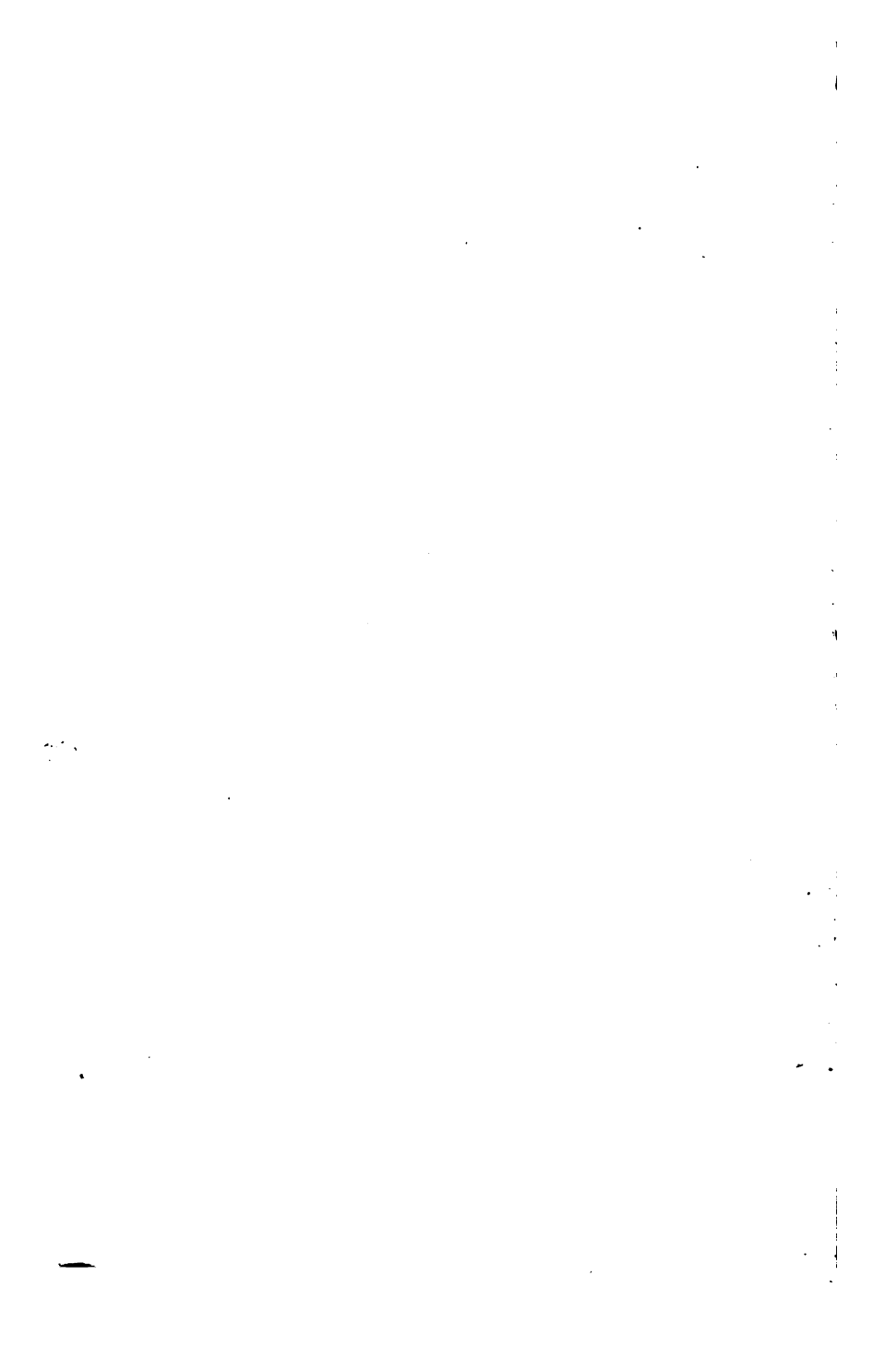
KIMONO BALLADES

And though he may strongly to murder invite,
Remember the fellow is only a man.

If you were in his place, the chance is you
might—

Don't kill him, he's doing the best that he can.

A BALLADE OF THE PESSIMIST



A BALLADE OF THE PESSIMIST

What is the use of anything?

When all our foolish, modern ways
But added care and trouble bring—
There are no days like the good old days.
Our progress and our wealth you praise,
Our iron and coal and corn and hogs,
Inventions that the mind amaze—
The world is going to the dogs.

Your rushing autos hiss—and sting.

Give me the old-time horse and chaise,
Nor all this rush and hurrying.
There are no days like the good old days.
The wealthy few, the laws delays,
The mighty masses dull as logs
That blindly follow through the haze—
The world is going to the dogs.

The vile and worthless songs we sing;

The senseless books and silly plays.
All sweetness lost in worrying—
There are no days like the good old days.
And for our striving what repays
But darker nights and deeper bogs
For those who at the future gaze?
The world is going to the dogs.

Our life no finer sense betrays,
But all the mind and soul befogs—

There are no days like the good old days,
The world is going to the dogs.



A BALLADE OF
BETTER CHEER

A BALLADE OF BETTER CHEER

Does all the world seem dull and gray,
And all your plans and hopes askew?
Does Monday meet you every day,
And all your troubles stick like glue?
And all your bills are overdue?
You scarcely know what you're about?
What is the use of being blue?
Smoke up, old man, your pipe is out.

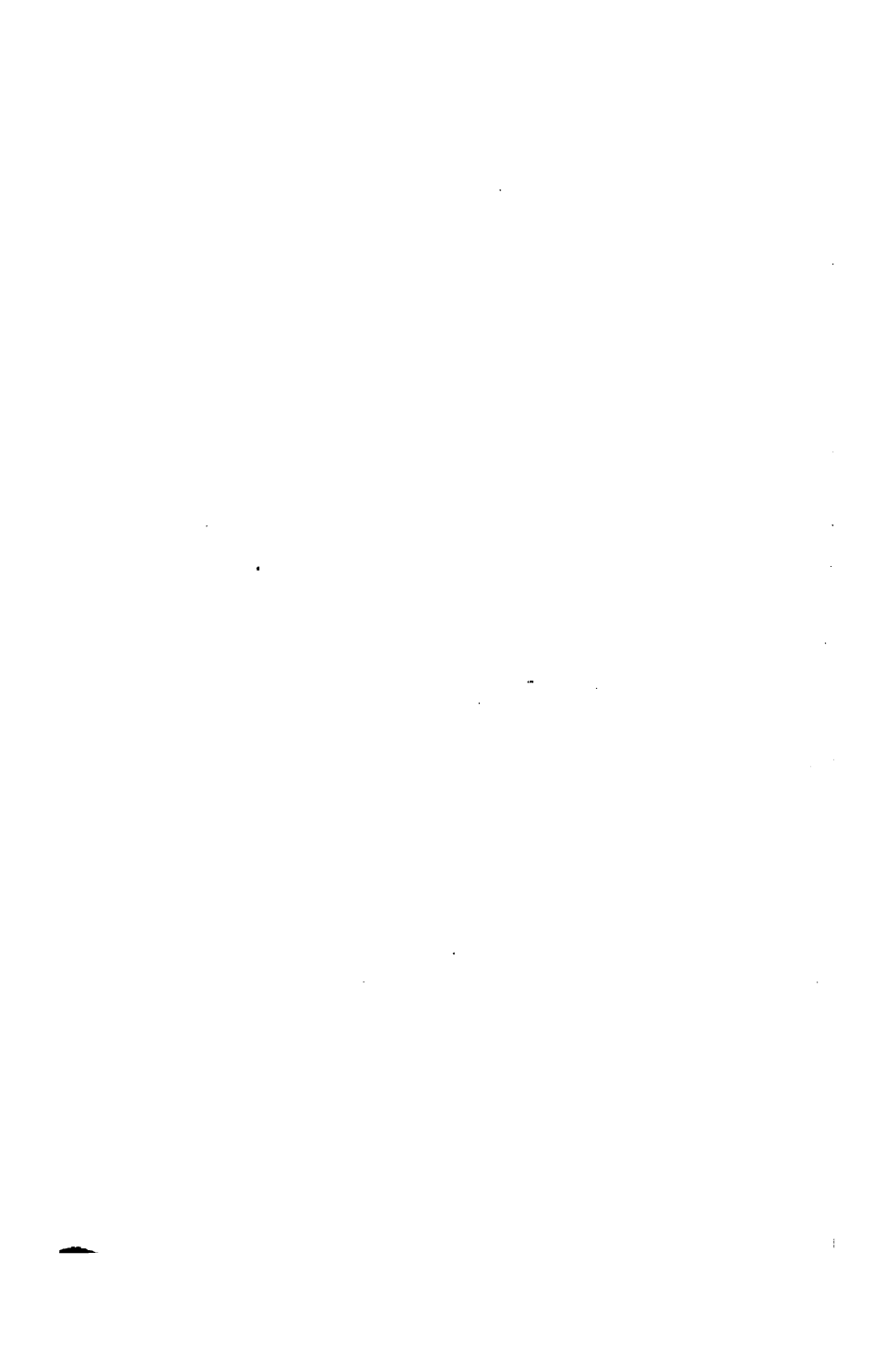
And life is cheerless, as you say,
With naught but worries ever new?
You cannot spare the time to play?
Why try to cheer you up? And you
Sit like a youngster in a pew,
Or some old miser with the gout?
What is the use of being blue?
Smoke up, old man, your pipe is out.

Your creditors you cannot pay?
The heartless girl you've tried to woo
Laughs at your suit and turns away?
Seek out somewhere a friend or two—
Some stanch old comrades tried and true,
Some 'baccy and a mug of stout—
What is the use of being blue?
Smoke up, old man, your pipe is out.

'Twill give to all a brighter hue,
And put all care and tears to rout—
What is the use of being blue?
Smoke up, old man, your pipe is out.



**A BALLADE OF
THE TROLLEY**



A BALLADE OF THE TROLLEY

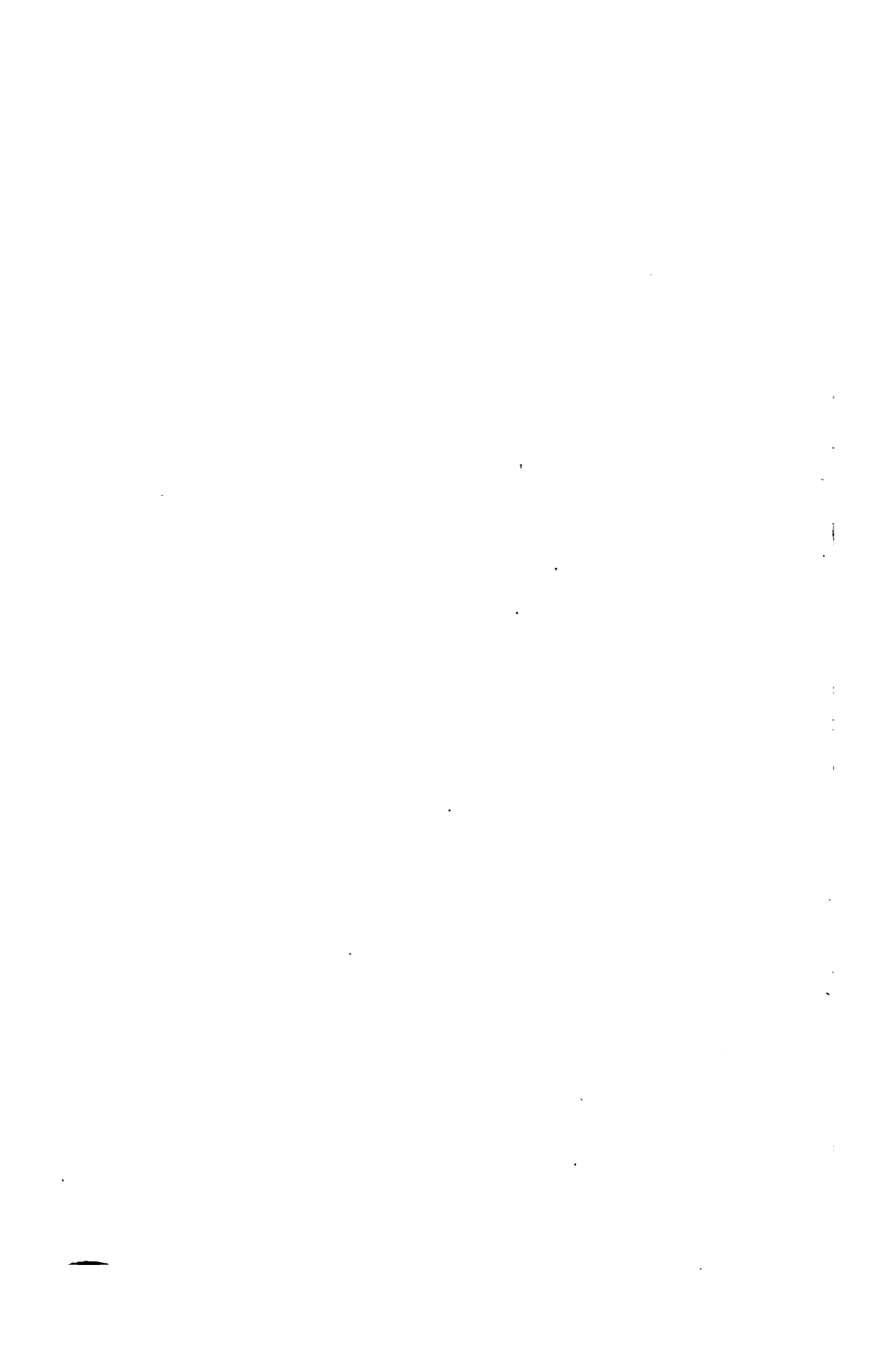
With now a jerk and now a jolt
The car proceeds upon its way.
The motorman's a stupid dolt;
But then he gets but little pay—
And even he must have his play.
And as we fall upon our knees
We hear a gruff voice harshly say,
"Step lively, there. Step lively, please." *

The floor is bucking like a colt;
Why don't they carpet it with hay?
Upon a strap I grab a "holt"—
A greasy painter keep at bay—
A woman clutches in dismay,
And gives my neck a choking squeeze,
And back and forth we wildly sway—
"Step lively, there. Step lively, please." *

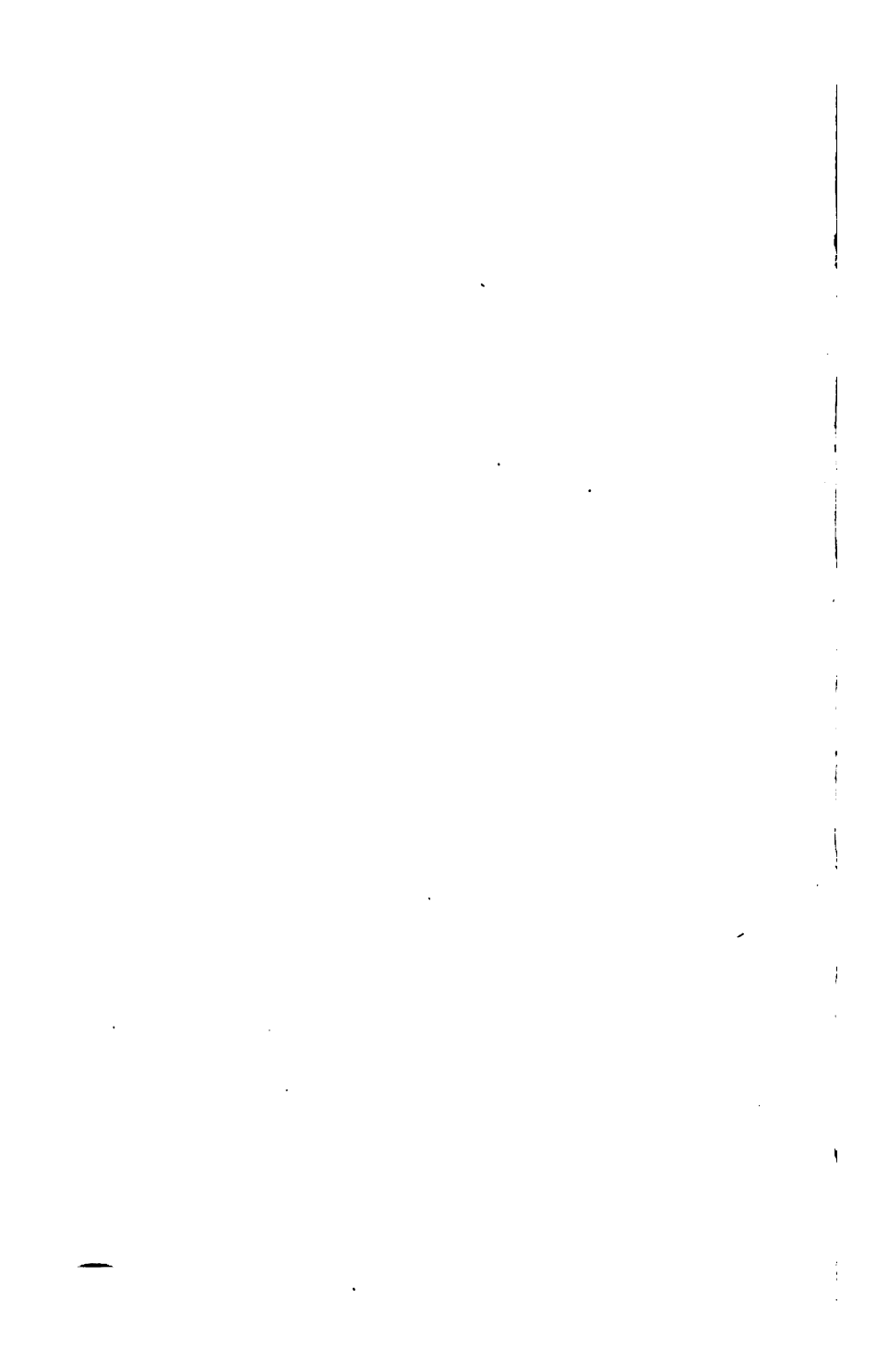
They give the thing another volt—
Do I my ignorance display?
It seems a full-sized thunderbolt.
My neighbor mutters, "Gettin' gay.
Why don't they lynch the crazy jay?"
A flash, a jar, a sickening wheeze—
I guess we'll have to walk to-day.
"Step lively, there. Step lively, please." *

And nothing but a noisy bray
Our injured feelings to appease,
"The car ahead"—who wants to stay?—
"Step lively, there. Step lively, please." *

* "*Please*" is used here merely for the sake of the rhythm.—
AUTHOR.



A BALLADE OF
CHRISTMAS



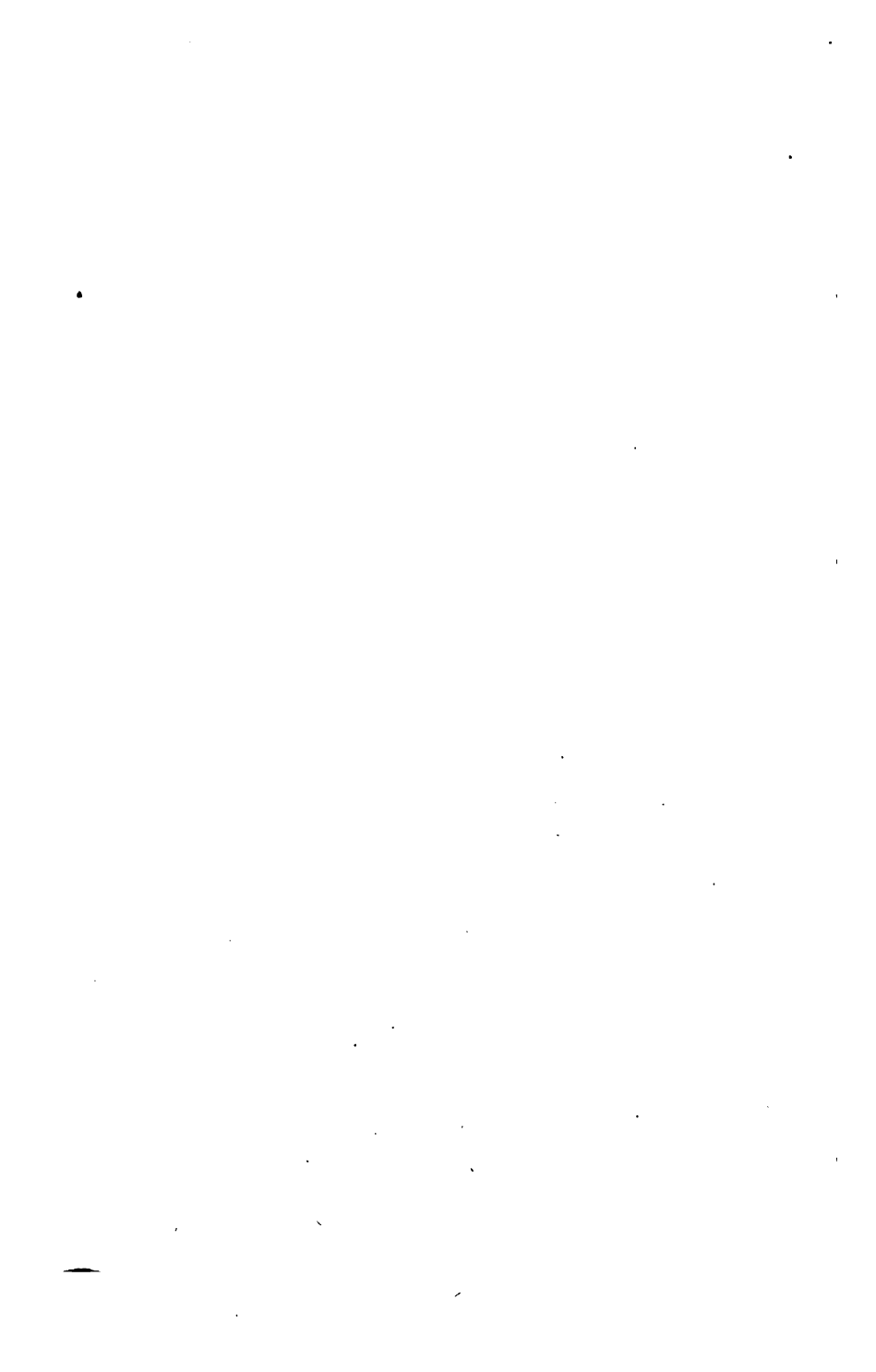
A BALLADE OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas season almost here;
 Bells and holly and hearths aflame
With Christmas spirit and Christmas cheer—
 I'm melancholy? Am I to blame,
 With presents to buy for Grace and Mame,
Nan and Gretchen, and Peg and Sue?
 With hardly a dollar to my name,
What the deuce can a fellow do?

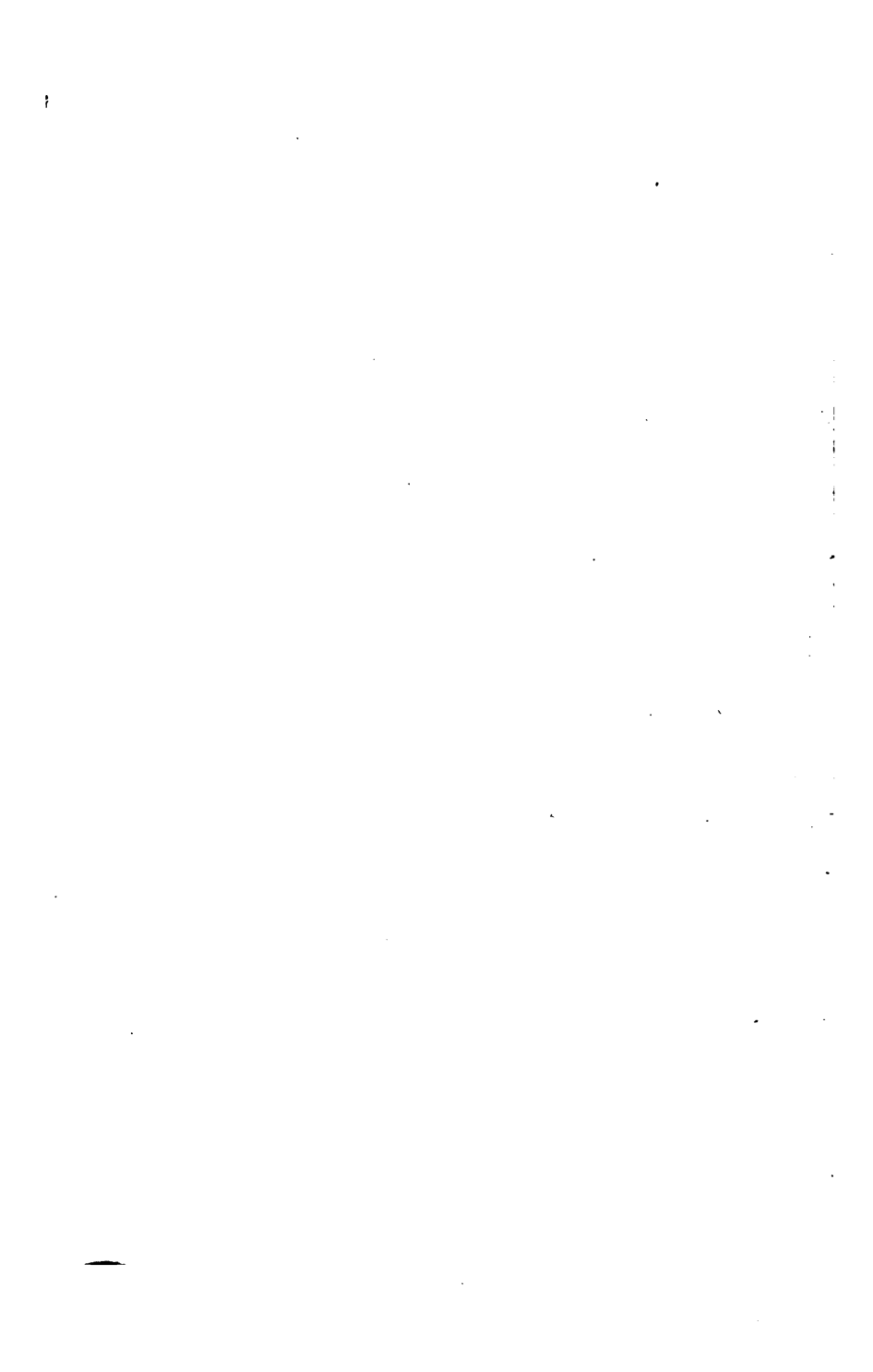
Christmas comes but once a year—
 Time there was I was glad it came.
I'm glad of it now, though feeling queer,
 Nor missing for worlds the dear old game
 Of choosing the gifts for maid and dame—
Diamonds for Mary and furs for Lou.
 With hardly a dollar to my name,
What the deuce can a fellow do?

Here am I with the price of a beer
 And a rage for millions I cannot tame
With books or candy and all the mere
 Little modest trifles at which you aim.
 It's always been, and will be the same
When Christmas comes—I'm a little blue.
 With hardly a dollar to my name,
What the deuce can a fellow do?

 I'm off to my uncle's—Don't exclaim!
I must do justice to one or two.
 With hardly a dollar to my name,
What the deuce can a fellow do?



A BALLADE OF
DOLL-LESS DAYS



A BALLADE OF DOLL-LESS DAYS

Who is it that usurps her place,
That wears the clothes she used to wear,
Where is the dear, old dolly's face—
It cannot be it is a bear
You closely hug and fondle there,
With woolly head and features glum?
How can you do it? I declare!—
Alas, the doll-less days have come!

Where is her gown of dainty lace,
Her eyes so blue and golden hair
And waxen cheeks the dimples grace—
There never was a face more rare.
And did this ugly creature dare
To eat her up nor leave a crumb?
Have you forgotten? Don't you care?—
Alas, the doll-less days have come!

You do not answer, and embrace
Your newfound playmate closer, ne'er
A sign of sorrow, not a trace
Of love for her, and only stare
With quizzing smile—Oh, tell me where?
And wicked "Teddy" pats his "tum"
And slyly winks at my despair—
Alas, the doll-less days have come!

Why, here she is! But, mistress fair,
Do not neglect her pleadings dumb,
Your mother-love for her impair,
Or else the doll-less days will come.

A BALLADE OF
THE WEAKER VESSEL

A BALLADE OF THE WEAKER VESSEL

O fair, gentle creatures, the joy and delight
Of every true man who looks into your eyes,
Who are peace to the soul and a balm to the sight,
Suspicion the one who your counsel defies.
Who treats you with sarcasm, scorn or sur-
mise;
Who limits your glory—abates it a jot;
Who says you are weak, and your thralldom
denies—
Inferior? Well, I should say you are not.

Without you we'd be in a terrible plight—
Inconsequent, helpless, impossible guys.
Who'd button our collars, and anchor them tight,
And buckle our waistcoats and fasten our ties?
Who'd boil us our mutton and bake us our pies,
And nurse us and soothe us? We'd all go to pot—
Who'd put us to bed and compel us to rise?
Inferior? Well, I should say you are not.

'Tis true that some husbands who stay out at night
Complain of a welcome that's other than
sighs—
Their pockets are rifled? 'Tis serving them right,
Who stray from their hearths and their duty
despise.
And these are the ones—is it any surprise?—
Who belittle your virtues—an impious lot,
Who are worthy the worst that your minds can
devise.
Inferior? Well, I should say you are not.

KIMONO BALLADES

So when some old rooster sits up and looks
wise,
Just make up your mind that it's all of it rot,
Nor bother by wasting your breath on replies—
Inferior? Well, I should say you are not.

**WHEN BROADWAY WAS
A COUNTRY ROAD**

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WHEN BROADWAY WAS A COUNTRY ROAD *

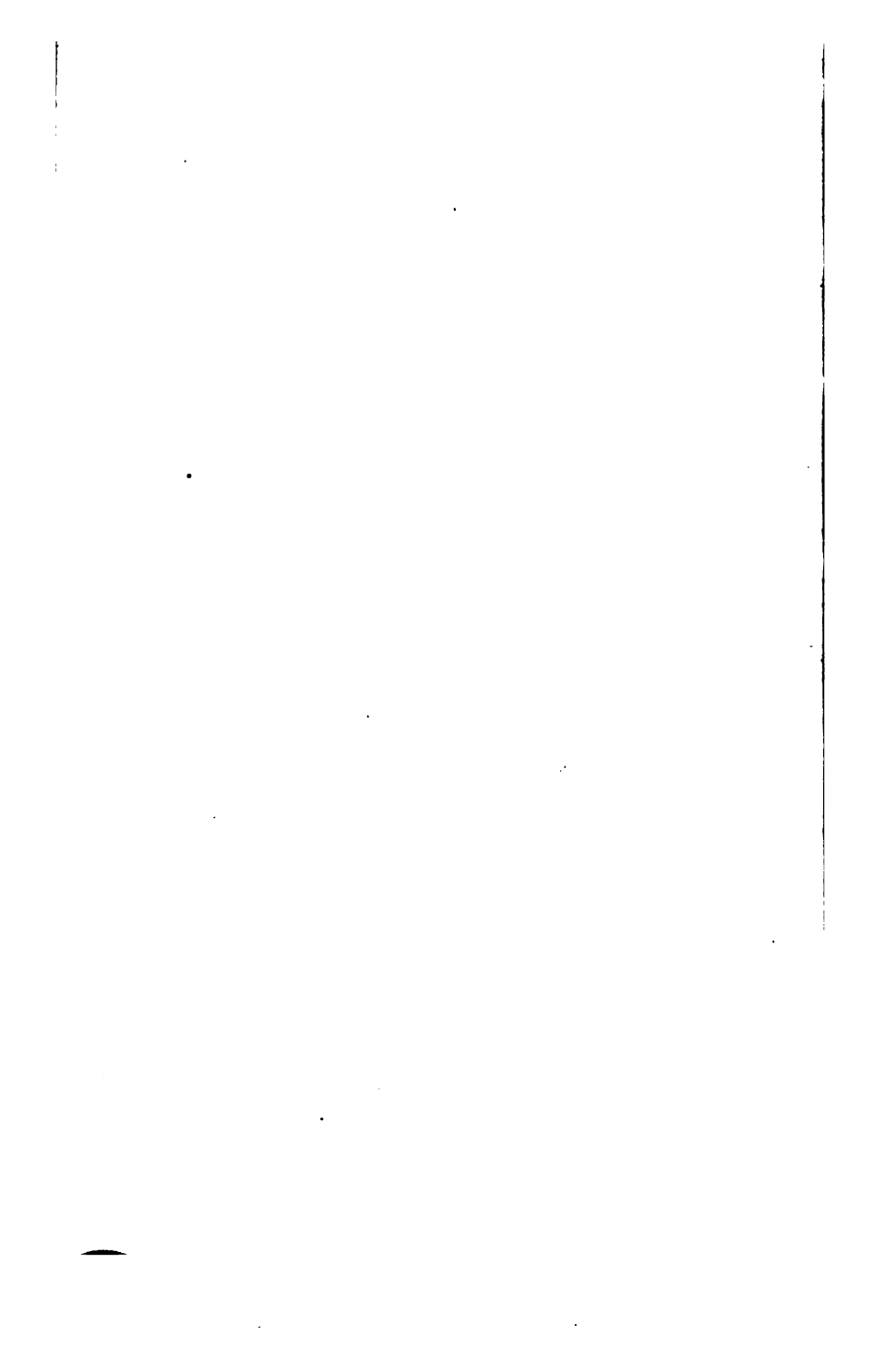
No rushing cars, nor tramping feet
 Disturbed the peaceful summer days
That shone as now upon the street
 That knows our busy, noisy ways.
And blushing girls and awkward jays
Strolled slowly home, and cattle lowed
 As fell the purple twilight haze,
When Broadway was a country road.

No tailored dandies, trim and neat;
 No damsels of the latest craze
Of form and fashion; no conceit
 To catch the fancy or amaze.
No buildings met the skyward gaze;
Nor myriad lights that nightly glowed
 To set the midnight hour ablaze—
When Broadway was a country road.

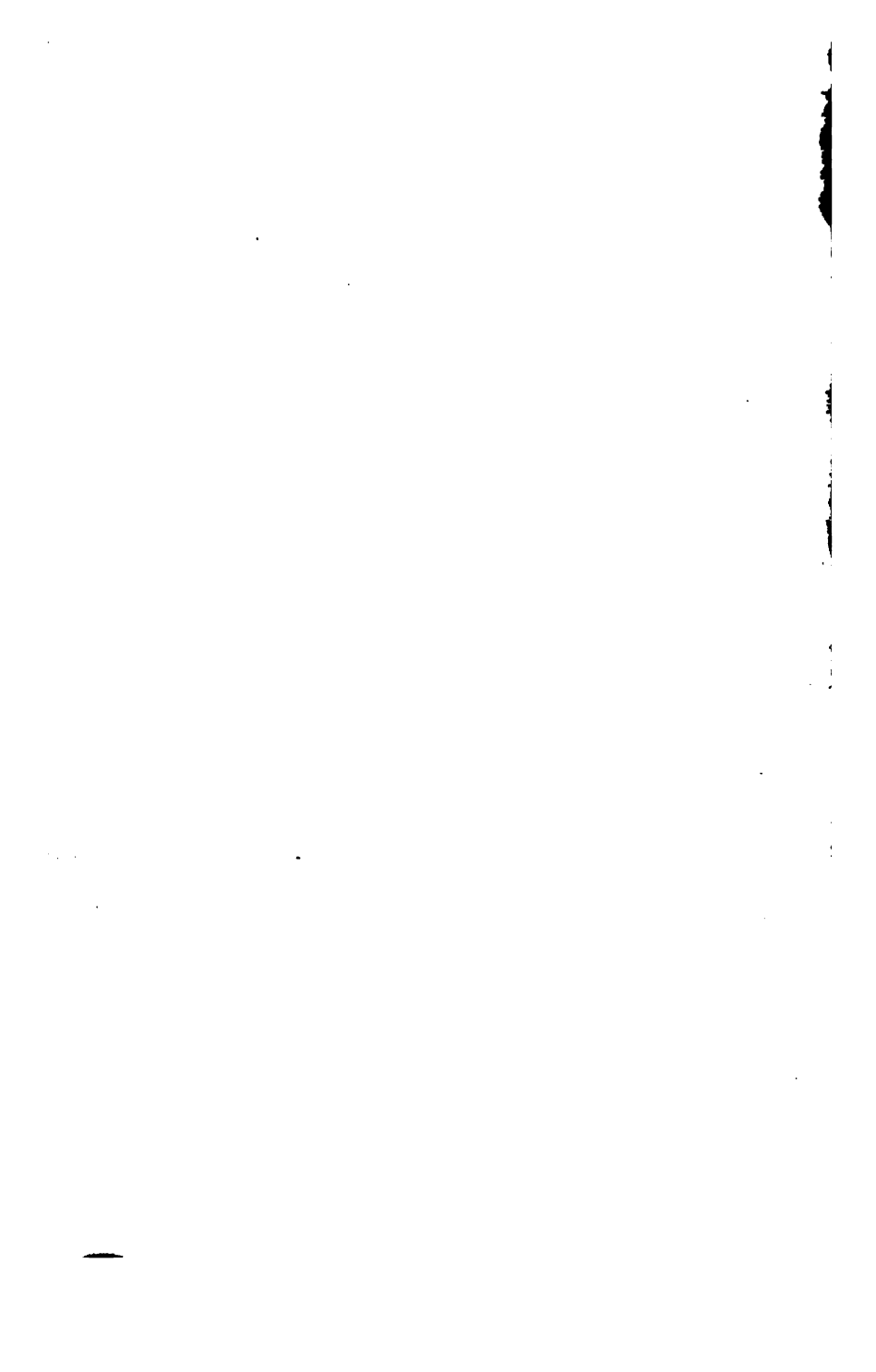
Then shady lanes with blossoms sweet
 Led gently down to quiet bays
Or to the sheltered, hedged retreat
 Some falling mansion now betrays.
The stage-coach here no longer pays
Its daily call, nor farmers goad
 Their oxen, as in olden days
When Broadway was a country road.

Little indeed to meet the praise
Of modern times the picture showed.
And yet the fancy fondly strays
To Broadway as a country road.

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A BALLADE OF THE SIMPLE LIFE



A BALLADE OF THE SIMPLE LIFE

If you are weary in the quest
 For peace the years refuse to bring,
And seek in vain the promised rest
 From hurrying and worrying.
 If troubles faster to you cling,
And cares and grief upon you pile
 A cankering load of suffering—
Come, let us rest a little while.

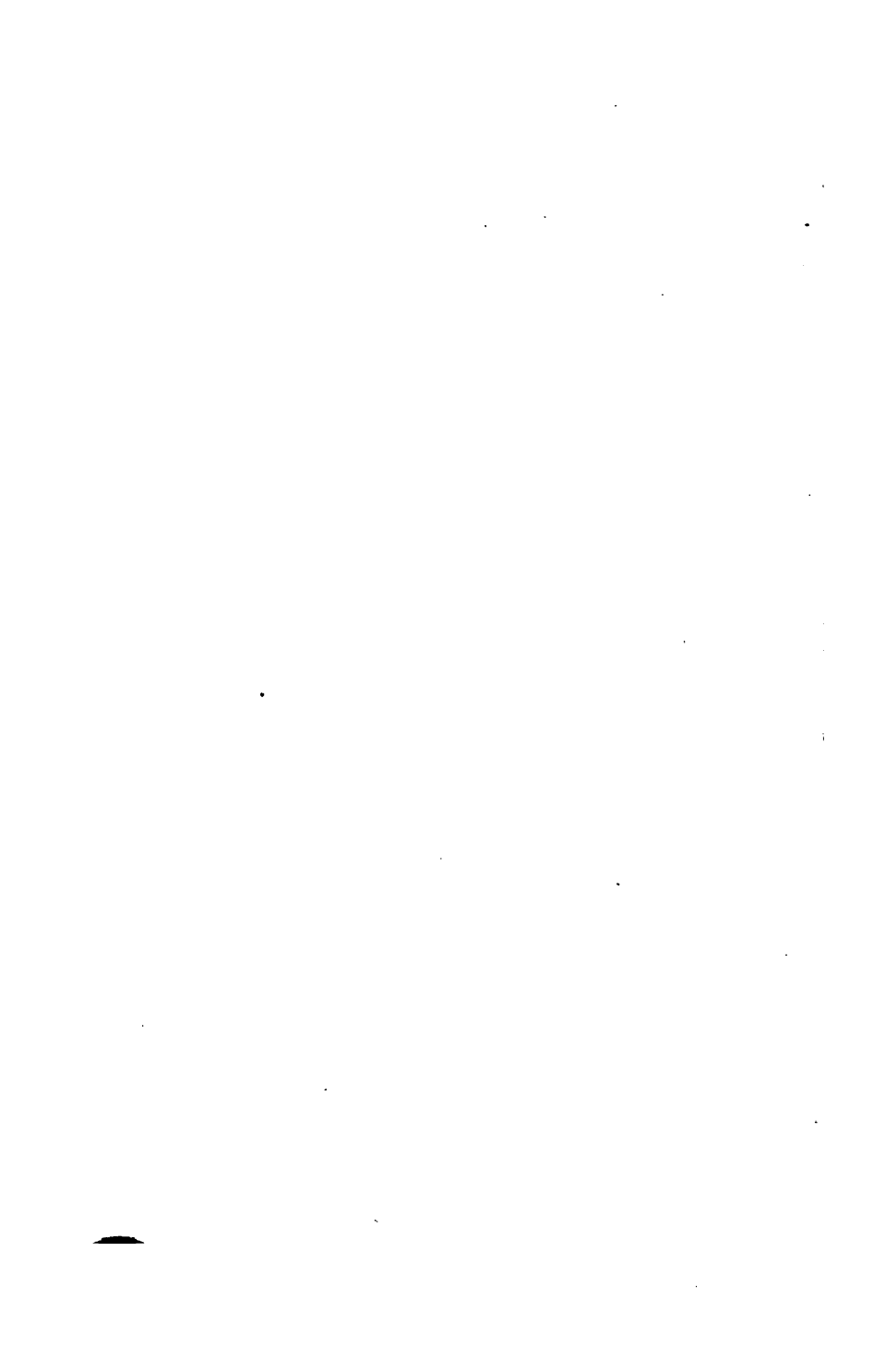
Turn back to Nature's soothing breast—
 Where fields are green and blossoms spring,
And tarry there a welcome guest
 From hurrying and worrying.
 For you the birds shall sweetly sing,
Cool streams shall lead you many a mile,
 And life be shorn of half its sting—
Come, let us rest a little while.

She will reward you with her best
 With lavish hand of everything,
And all your hours with joy be blest
 From hurrying and worrying.
 The peaceful trees their shade will fling
Athwart your path, and winds beguile
 Your tired heart's awakening—
Come, let us rest a little while.

Here is no room for sorrowing,
Nor does the world forget to smile—
 From hurrying and worrying,
Come, let us rest a little while.



**A BALLADE OF
CINDERELLA'S PRINCE**



A BALLADE OF CINDERELLA'S PRINCE

Where will you lead me? Where away—
Through summer fields with daisies spread,
And where the dancing shadows play
From cool trees arching overhead—
For on and on my feet have sped
The vagrant ways your fancies choose.
When shall my heart be comforted,
My lady of the crystal shoes?

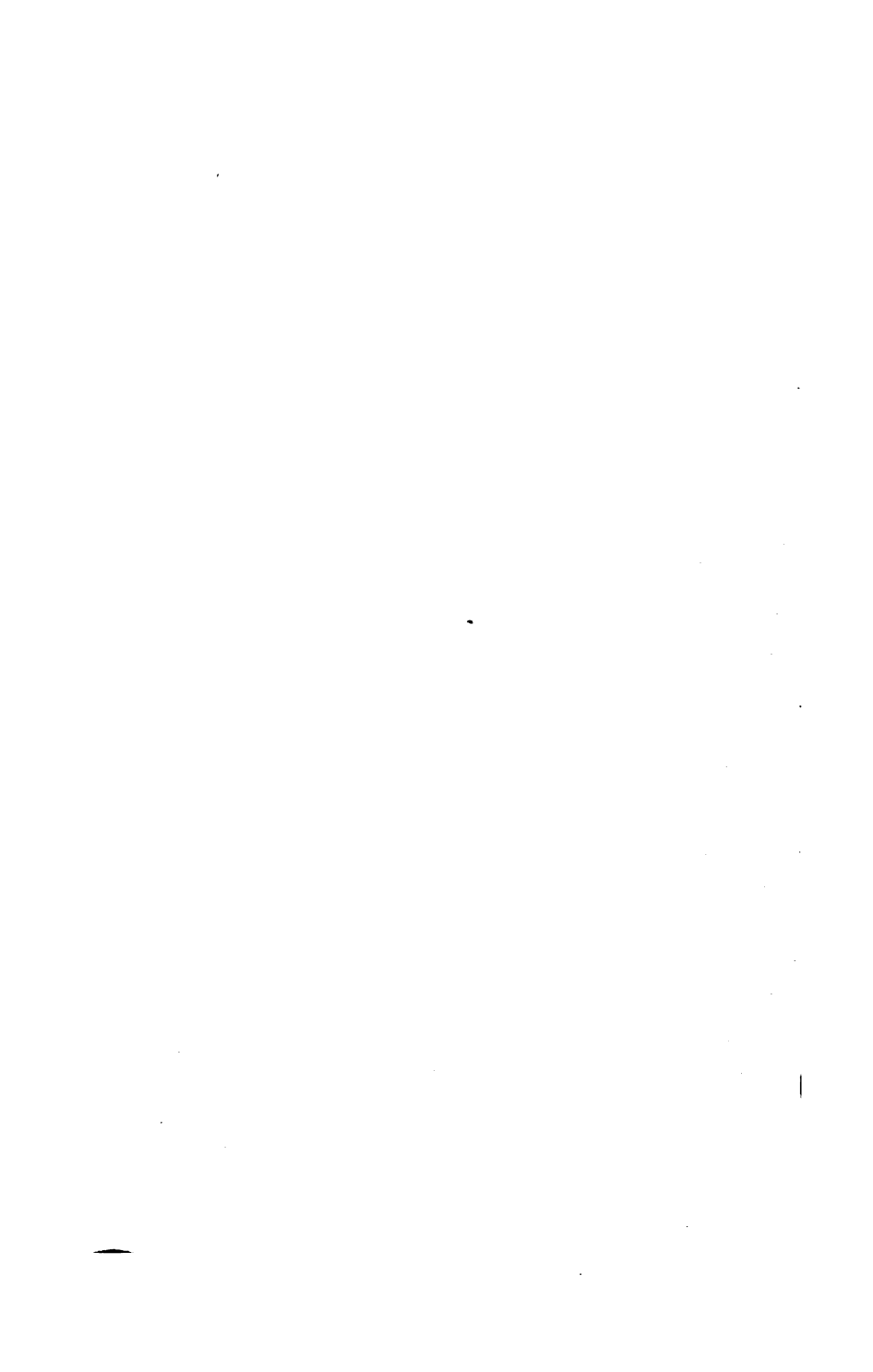
Where will you lead me? Where away—
I've followed where your steps have led
Nor faint nor faltering, night or day,
And on and on. Where'er you tread
The flowers a richer fragrance shed,
Birds sweeter sing, and life renews—
When shall my heart be comforted,
My lady of the crystal shoes?

Where will you lead me? Where away—
Where hedges bloom, and roses red,
Through gardens old and thickets gray
Till autumn comes and summer's fled;
'Mid falling snows and winter dread,
And still my pleading you refuse?
When shall my heart be comforted,
My lady of the crystal shoes?

Leave not the happy word unsaid,
Nor turn from him who fondly sues—
When shall my heart be comforted,
My lady of the crystal shoes?



**A BALLADE OF
THE FLATIRON**



A BALLADE OF THE FLATIRON

For many years I've sailed the seas—but I take off
my hat;

And I have seen some awful winds, and faced
'em in my day.

I'm fourteen times around the world, from Guam to
Barnegat,

And bucked the icebergs off the Horn, but
that was only play.

I've shipped in every kind of tub, for every
kind of pay,

From battleships to Chinese junks; and I have toed
the tape

Before the mast in every clime—But here I
want to say,

It takes a better man than me to beat around that
cape.

Yes, I admit I tried it once. The wind it knocked
me flat,

And stove my timbers fore and aft before I'd
time to pray.

Two women I had never seen—a married man at
that—

Were sitting fondly in my lap—I could not
get away.

The awful sights I'll not forget until my hair is
gray—

Hid-ee-us, sprawling, human things of every hue
and shape—

They haunt me in my dreams, my son—But
here I want to say,

It takes a better man than me to beat around that
cape.

KIMONO BALLADES

Now weren't them pretty antics for a captain to be
at?

And weren't them pretty doin's for a sailor to
display?

No, run me down with trolley cars; or use me for
a mat;

Or bump me on the loop-the-loop; or stick me
for a jay—

Most anything you want, my son—your uncle's
pretty gay;

There's mighty little in this town to make him stand
agape.

I never saw a wind like that—And here I want
to say,

It takes a better man than me to beat around that
cape.

Go do it if you wish, my son—sometime again
I may—

When I am anxious for my friends to all be wearin'
crepe.

And all that I've been tellin' you is merely to
convey:

It takes a better man than me to beat around that
cape.

**A BALLADE OF
VAGABONDAGE**



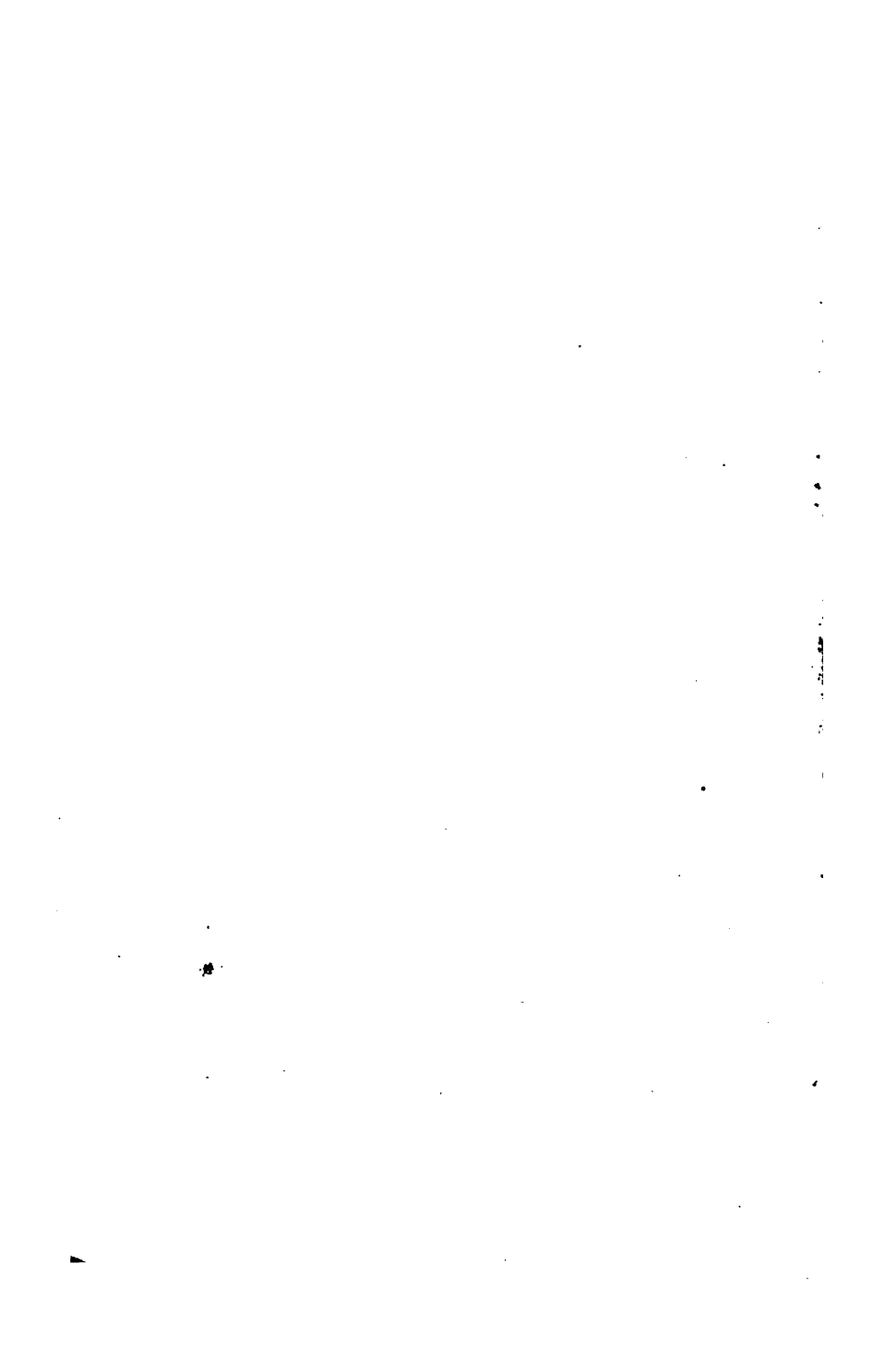
A BALLADE OF VAGABONDAGE

Why toil and swelter in the town,
 When roads reach out on every side,
And thread the country up and down
 Through field and forest, far and wide?
 Why in your sunless streets abide?
Come, by your comradeship repay,
 While we our slender crust divide
Over the hills and far away.

In ragged coat and tattered gown.
 Away with silly pomp and pride;
A fig for fortune and renown—
 They flout you still, though hard you've tried.
 And better men have lived and died,
Whose backs were bent and locks were gray,
 Who'd give their all to be our guide
Over the hills and far away.

We each are wanderers, king and clown.
 If slander chills and riches chide,
Why be content the call to drown,
 Why lack the courage to decide?
 Are heart and soul unsatisfied?
The great world calls you, night and day,
 And beckons ever—long denied—
Over the hills and far away.

Where summer pours its golden tide
O'er vale and hamlet, let us stray,
 With care-free hearts and tireless stride,
Over the hills and far away.



A BALLADE OF
BELGIAN HARE



A BALLADE OF BELGIAN HARE

Why is my heart not light and gay?
No kindly thoughts my bosom swell?
My feet drag out a weary way,
And laughter greets me as a knell;
My very thoughts the tears compel,
My soul's one constant groan or sigh—
I seem upon the brink of hell.
I do not know the reason why!

Somewhere the sky's not dark and gray;
Somewhere, but where I cannot tell,
Life's one perpetual holiday
And merry as a marriage bell.
And carnival and riot dwell,
And ne'er a sorrow dims the eye;
No bitter teardrop ever fell—
I do not know the reason why!

In daisied grass the children play,
The birds sing sweetly in the dell—
Birds always sing in dells, they say—
And all is happy. What a sell!
What fiend has caught me in his spell!
What awful crimes within me lie,
Surge fiercely through my frame pell-mell!
I do not know the reason why!

My appetite I sought to quell—
A rarebit and a hot mince pie.
I am not feeling very well,
I do not know the reason why!



A BALLADE IN
PARTING



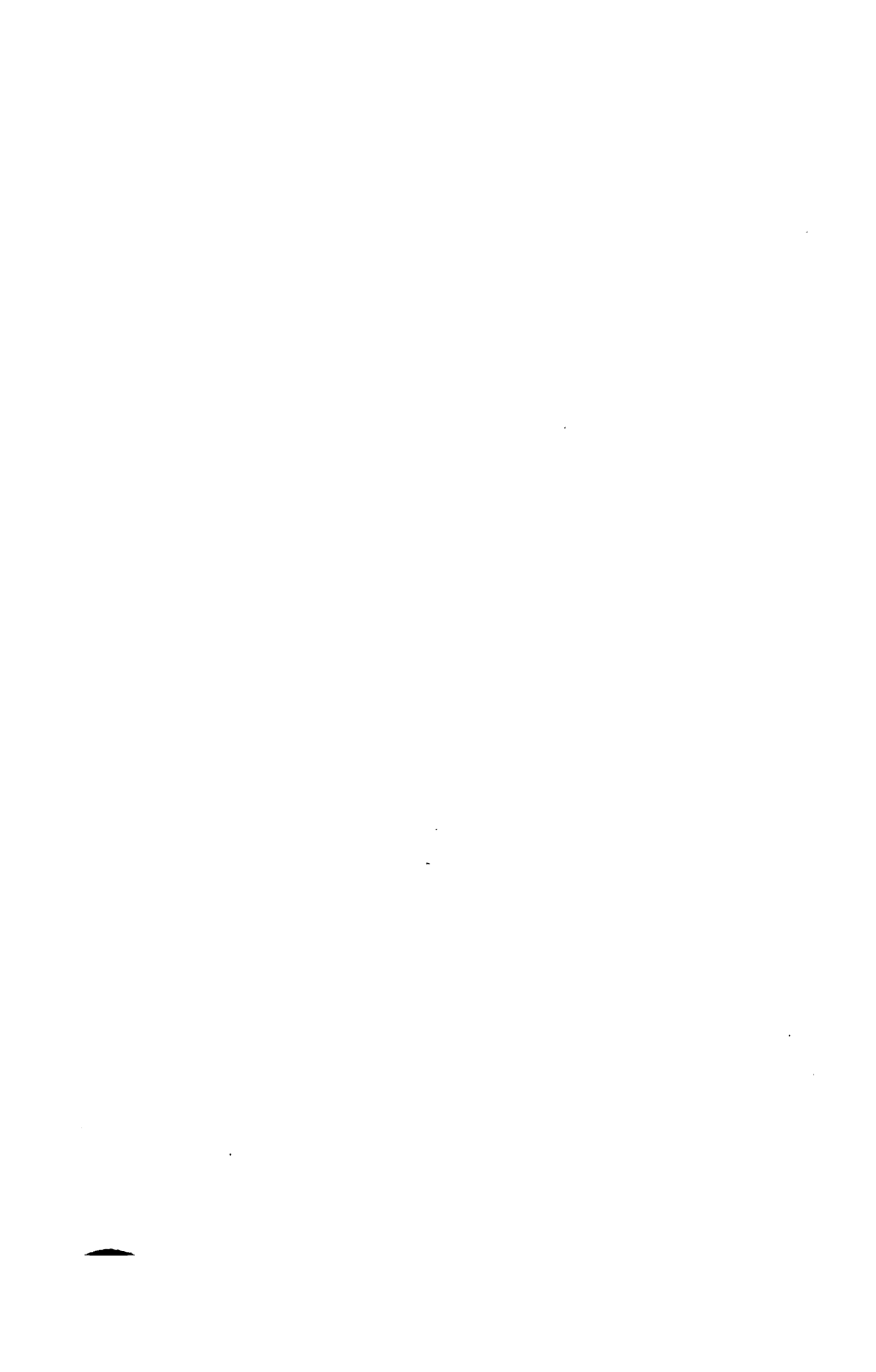
A BALLADE IN PARTING

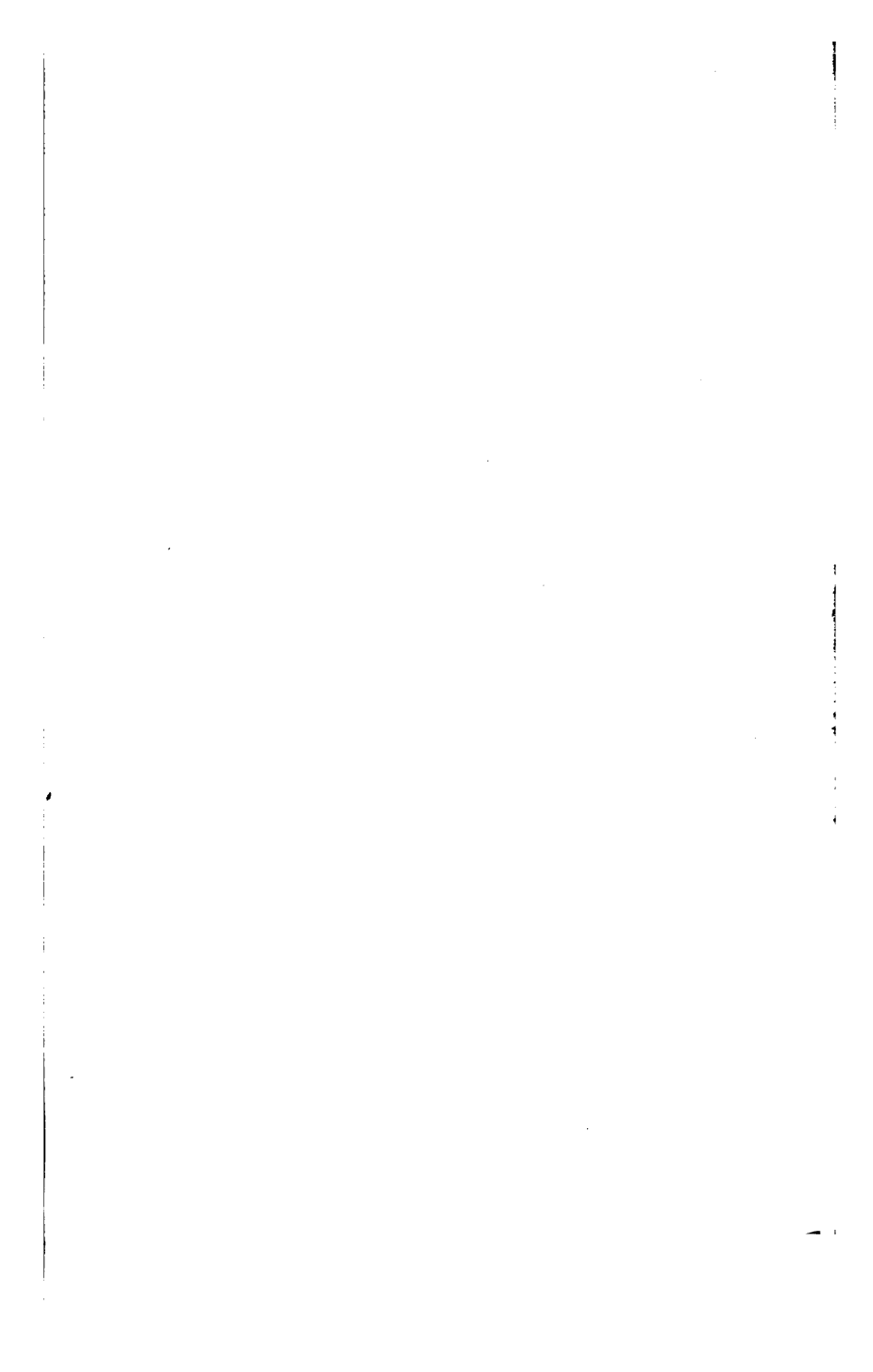
The night is spent, the lamps burn low,
And on the hearth the embers die.
A rousing song before we go,
While dawn lights up the stormy sky.
Let every glass be lifted high,
And let your hearts with joy be light,
Nor fear nor sorrow dim the eye—
Good-night, dear friends; good-night, good-night.

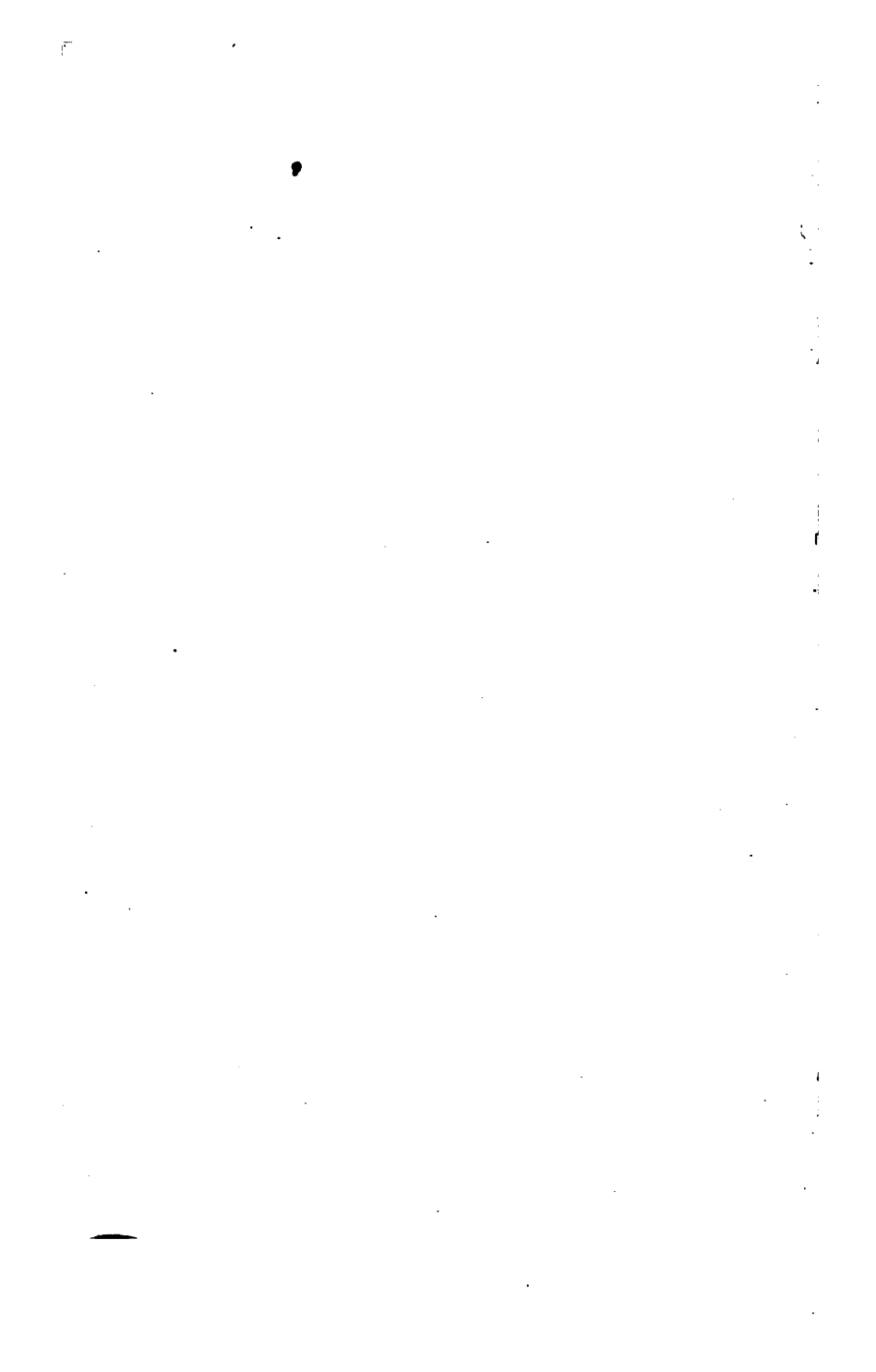
What though the wintry tempests blow,
Nor death nor dangers pass us by;
The world is wide, and rough, we know,
Ours not to ask the reason why.
Let every glass be lifted high,
And let your hearts with joy be light,
Nor fear nor sorrow dim the eye—
Good-night, dear friends; good-night, good-night.

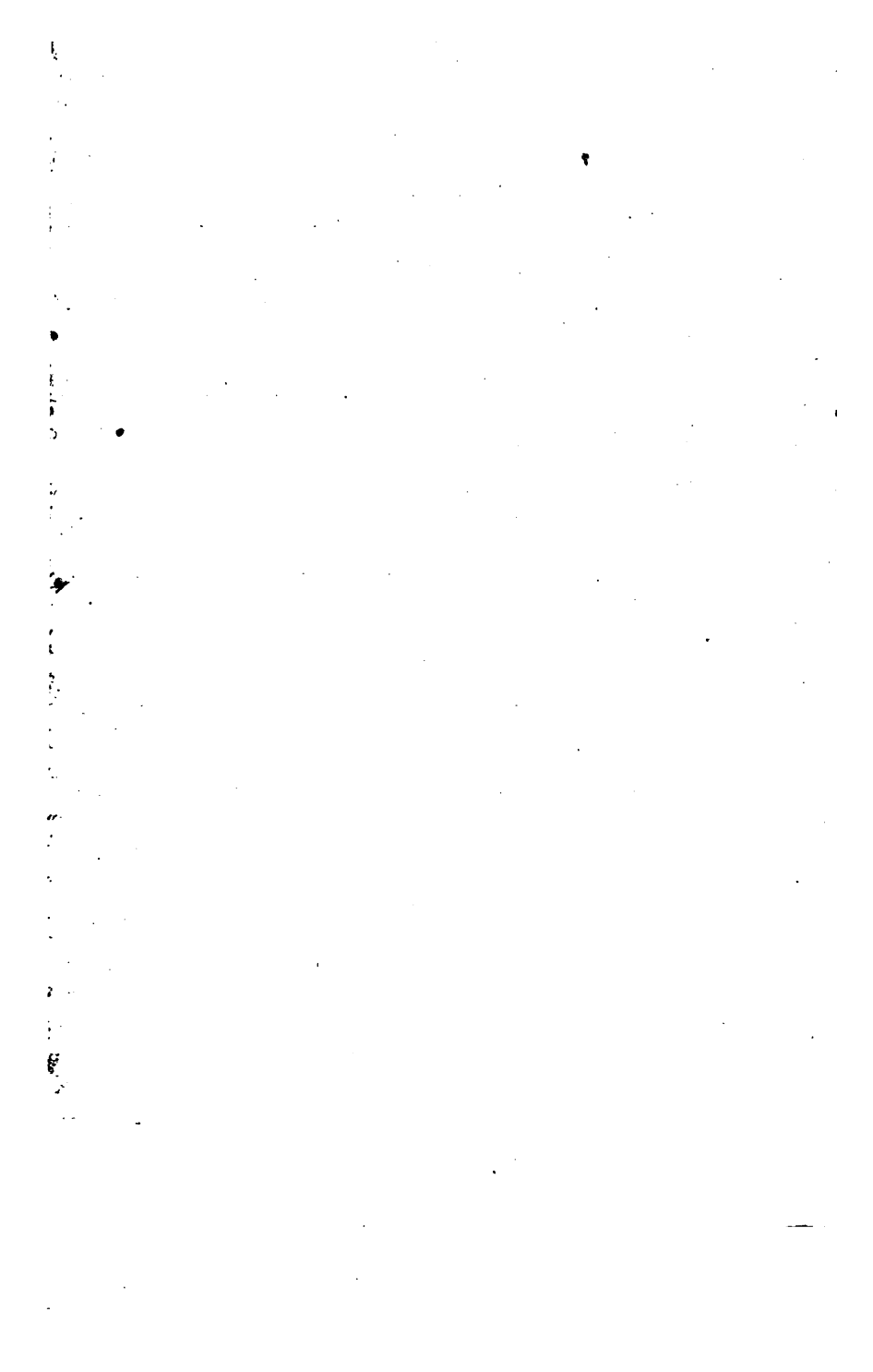
Then meet it bravely, friend or foe,
Weeping and laughter, smile and sigh.
Time's far too short to waste in woe,
Or half life's gladness satisfy.
Let every glass be lifted high,
And let your hearts with joy be light,
Nor fear nor sorrow dim the eye—
Good-night, dear friends; good-night, good-night.

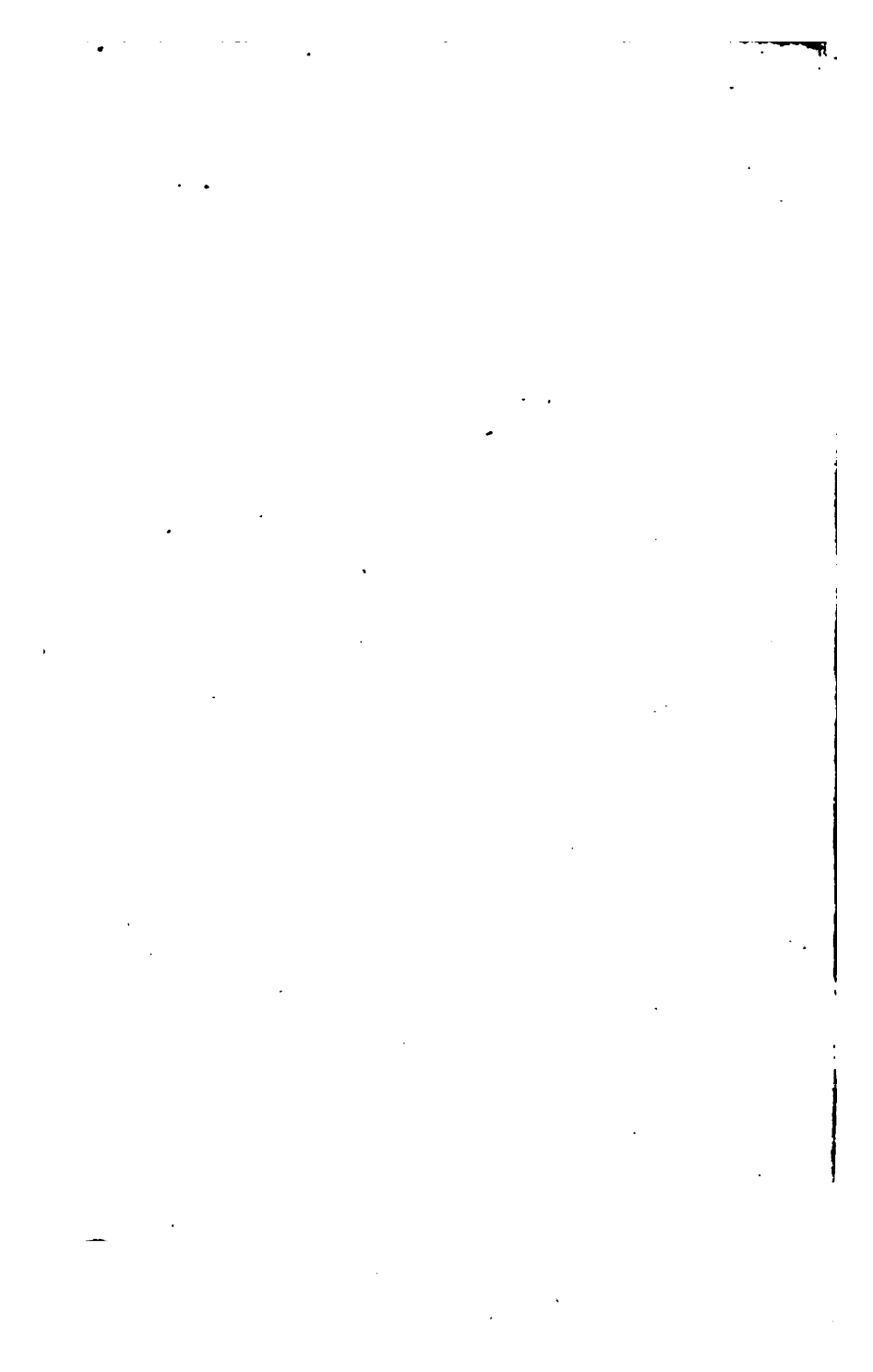
And though the years may swiftly fly,
May heart and voice and eye be bright.
Let every glass be lifted high—
Good-night, dear friends; good-night, good-night.











Stoddard, Charles C.
Kimono ballades

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